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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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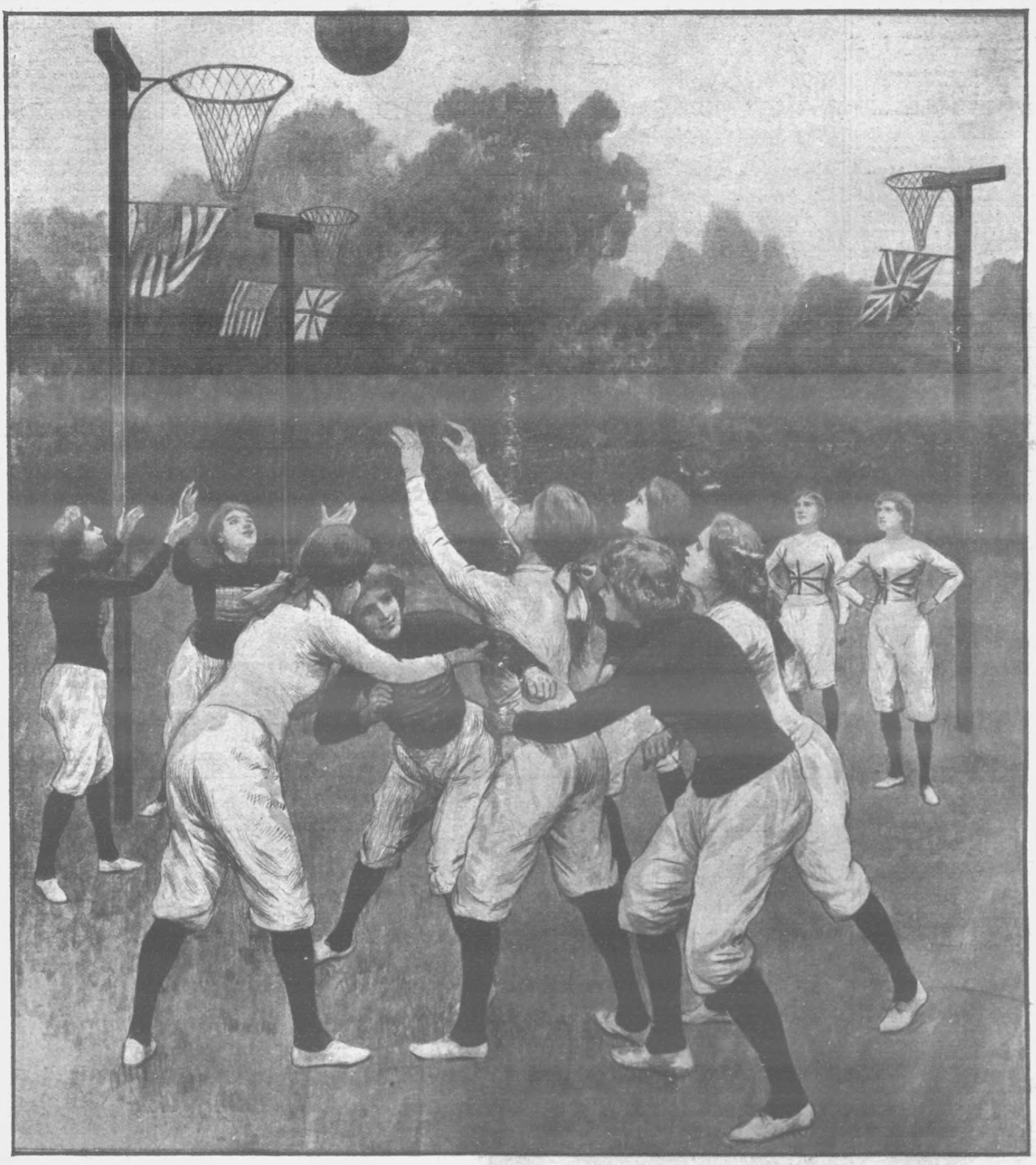
Special Football Number. Splendid Photos. The Dairy Show at Islington. See Inside.



ENGLAND v. AMERICA: THE NEW GAME OF BASKET-BALL FOR WOMEN.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

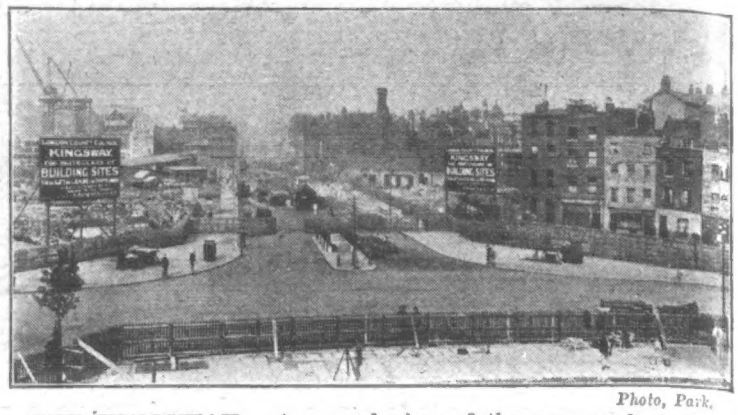
NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Prince's Visit to India.

The battleship *Renown* left Portsmouth Harbour last Sunday morning, and after adjusting compasses at Spithead, sailed for Gibraltar, whence she will proceed to Genoa. There the Prince and Princess of Wales are to join her on October 19th for their Indian tour, leaving that port on October 21st.

Very handsome the *Renown* looked as she steamed out of the harbour, her ivory-white hull glistening brightly whenever the sun caught it. Commodore Tyrwhitt's broad pennant flew from her masthead, while the cruiser *Terrible*, which accompanied the *Renown*, carried the pennant of Capt. H. H. Campbell, who was second in command to the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness commissioned the cruiser *Crescent*, and saw his last active service afloat.

With the Prince and Princess in the *Renown* will be Lady Eva Dugdale, Sir Arthur Bigge, Sir Charles Cust, and the Hon. Derek Keppell, all close personal friends. Accommodation aboard the *Terrible* has been provided for Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Viscount Crichton, and Commander Godfrey Faussett.



Photo, Park.

THE KINGSWAY: A general view of the new roads to be opened by the King on Monday next.

From "Life," by permission of Messrs. James Henderson.

THE VERSATILE KAISER: A clever American cartoon showing what the German Emperor would wear if he visited the United States. It should be noted that Milwaukee is famous for its beer, whilst Philadelphia is the Quaker City. San Francisco has the largest "China Town." Observe the amusing change of clothes effected in the centre picture.

Photo, Bolak.

ROYALTY AT EALING: The Duchess of Albany visited Ealing last week to open a bazaar in aid of the Missions to Seamen. Our photo shows H.R.H. entering her carriage.

What Big Pictures Cost to Paint.

Mr. Thomas M. Hemy, the famous marine painter, has just completed a picture which covers an area of 90 sq. ft., has on it half a hundredweight of colours, and took 500 hours to paint.

The picture illustrates the famous incident at the battle of Copenhagen, when Nelson refused to see the signal of recall.

In the centre is Nelson's ship, the *Elephant*. Round it are congregated the Danish fleet. On the quarter-deck of the *Elephant* stands the little man with only one arm and one eye. Near him is his lieutenant, to whom he is supposed to be saying, "I really do not see the signal."

No one is better fitted to paint such a picture than Mr. Hemy, for he was born at sea, and at an early age ran away from school and joined the mercantile marine. He has been shipwrecked, and has been on ships whose crews have mutinied, and he saw active service with the United States navy.

Mr. Hemy described to an *Express* representative how great historical pictures are painted.

"I find," he said, "that the cost of painting a picture of large dimensions varies from £50 to £150. Costume pictures are always most expensive, for every detail must be quite accurate; £900 was recently paid by a famous R.A. for a single suit of armour.

"First of all, an artist has to spend weeks, and sometimes months, in going round various museums collecting and checking historical details.

"Next he must find suitable models, and after this come a few weeks of real pleasure, while the picture is being painted in with broad, flat brushes. Months of hard work follow, during which several of the principal figures may have to be re-painted thirty and forty times.

"There is a considerable amount of bodily fatigue in painting a great canvas," concluded Mr. Hemy. "While doing the top part of the picture the artist must continually climb up and down a step-ladder."

The following list may give some idea of the expenses in connection with a large historical picture:—

Canvas, 90ft. square	£6 10
Paints, 250 tubes	25 0
Models, 200 hours	10 0
Brushes, 50	7 10
Framing	50 0
	£99 0

Costumes may cost anything from £10 to £1,000.

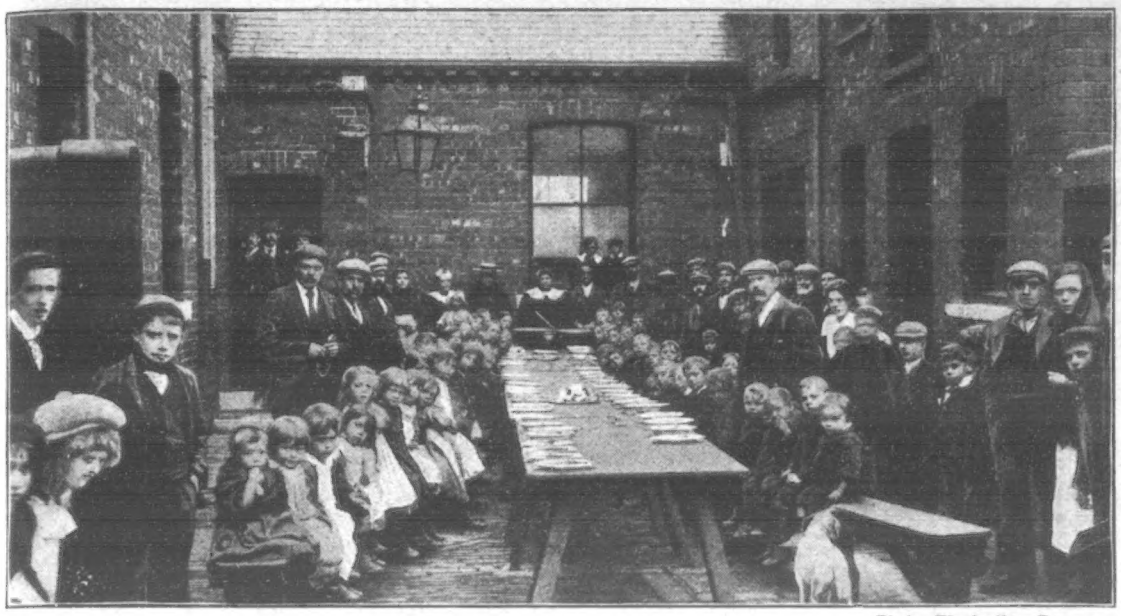
Considering the cost and labour involved, and in view of the fact that British art committees prefer pictures of sea nymphs to those illustrating great national events, it is not surprising that only a few artists attempt historical works.

Photo, Bolak.

Mr. Thomas M. Hemy, the famous marine painter, has just completed a picture which covers an area of 90 sq. ft., has on it half a hundredweight of colours, and took 500 hours to paint.

Postman Fights Masked Man.

A desperate encounter took place between a masked robber and a rural postman in the vicinity of Bray, Dublin, on Monday night. The postman, who was going his rounds, was savagely attacked by an unknown assailant, who knocked him off his bicycle and tried to wrest the mail bags from him. A fierce fight ensued. The road was dark and lonely, and for a long time the men struggled for possession of the mails. At length the would-be robber, unable to overpower his plucky adversary, fled, and the postman, who was severely hurt made his way to the nearest police-station, where a doctor attended to his injuries.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

FEEDING STRIKERS' CHILDREN: Owing to the strike at Hemsworth great distress prevails, the children of the strikers were almost starving until this distribution of food was organised.

Flying Mammoth.

Now that the Great Western Company's short cut to the west, *vid* the new Castle Cary and Langport line, whereby the journey to Exeter will be reduced twenty-two miles, is nearly completed, people are wondering how the London and South-Western Company will meet the challenge, says the *Daily Mail*.

At present the South-Western route is twenty-two and a half miles shorter to Exeter, and fifteen and a half miles shorter to Plymouth; but with the opening of the above Great Western line it will drop to being one mile shorter to Exeter and change to being five and a half miles longer to Plymouth. The appearance of the first specimen of a batch of mammoth express engines, designed by Mr. D. Drummond, the London and South-Western Company's chief mechanical engineer, suggests the idea of some remarkable acceleration being in store for travellers on this railway.

The new engine, which has just issued from the Nine Elms works, and has begun trial working, is numbered 330. It is a four-cylinder (simple) six-coupled bogie engine—the first six-coupled express engine to be acquired by the London and South-Western—and has the distinction of possessing the largest heating surface yet given to a British passenger engine, for in this latter respect it eclipses the latest French-built Great Western "Atlantics," the North-Eastern and Great Northern "Atlantics," and the Caledonian six-coupled "Sir James Thompson" class.

The principal dimensions of this vast machine are as follows:—Cylinders, 16in. by 24in.; diameter of driving wheels, 6ft.; inside diameter of boiler barrel, 5ft. 6in.; steam pressure, 175lb. per sq. in.; grate area, 31·5 sq. ft.; total heating surface, 2,727 sq. ft. (of which the fire-tubes contribute 2,210 sq. ft., the water-tubes 357 sq. ft., and the firebox 160 sq. ft.); and weight (exclusive of eight-wheeled tender), 73 tons.

Thrilling Tales of the Sea.

The severity of the storm which raged all last week in the North Sea was shown when trawler after trawler arrived at Grimsby on Saturday with tales of shipwreck or with rescued mariners on board.

A thrilling story was told when the *Clyde* arrived with eight of the crew of the Russian schooner *Anna Matilda*, which foundered in the North Sea.

The schooner left Blyth with a cargo of coal, and encountered such heavy weather that she sprang a leak when a day out. The crew worked strenuously, but the water gained on the pumps, and by daybreak they were too exhausted to work any more.

Heavy seas swept over the waterlogged schooner. The lifeboat was smashed, and the lifebelts were swept away.

One of the crew was hurled to the deck by a heavy wave, which broke both his legs and one of his arms.

In the afternoon the *Clyde* was sighted, and in answer to signals of distress Capt. Frear bore down to the schooner's aid. A great gale was blowing, and the sea was so rough that it was impossible to launch a boat. How to get the men from the sinking craft was the problem which presented itself. It was a desperate situation, and, with fine courage, the Grimsby skipper resolved upon a desperate expedient.

He drove the *Clyde* full speed at the schooner. His crew lined the bulwarks ropes in hand, and as the two craft came together they flung the lines to the waiting Russian seamen, who grasped them firmly, and were dragged from the schooner's deck and into the boiling sea.

They were heaved through the water and pulled aboard on the trawler's lee side.

In this way five men were rescued, and three others had managed to scramble over the trawler's bows when she rammed the schooner.

A graphic story of the wreck of the Grimsby steam trawler *City of Lincoln*, with the loss of five lives, reported in the *Express*, is told by one of the survivors.

"About three o'clock on Saturday morning," he said, "the captain and second mate, who were on deck, took a light to the south to be that on Sulle Skerry. Too late they dicovered that it was the light on Noup Head Westray, and before the ship's course could be changed it had struck on the rocks, north of the island of Papa Westray.

"The foghorn was blown, and in a few minutes men appeared on the shore, and the entire population, which I believe does not number more than a couple of hundred, seemed to have turned out to render assistance.

"But there is neither lifeboat nor life-saving apparatus of any kind on the island. The people endeavoured to get into communication with us by flying kites and throwing out empty casks attached to lines, but none came near enough.

"In the meantime our ship was beginning to settle down. There were twelve of us on board, and we all took to the rigging.

"Great waves washed right over us, and one by one the men were being washed off into the boiling sea. Then the chief engineer, shouting 'Goodbye!' plunged into the water and swam towards the shore. The others followed his example, and after a terrible struggle seven of us succeeded in getting safely to land.

"The captain, I afterwards learned, several times almost reached the shore, but was washed back, and finally was stunned, his head crashing against a piece of wreckage."

The five men who were lost were Captain Harris, William Hutchison, John Dye, Peter Hoggad, and the cook, whose name is unknown.

Knouted to Death by Cossacks.

The Volhynian papers relate an instance of the "gentle methods" of the Russian police.

In the little township of Slavut, in Volhynia, a man named Ivan Lemper was, a fortnight ago, arrested on suspicion of having stolen a fowling-piece belonging to the district magistrate. The accused stoutly denied the charge, but the police were determined to have his confession of guilt.

Lemper was first stripped and beaten cruelly with loaded rubber tubes. As he still maintained his innocence, he was the next day roped to a bench and heavy iron weights laid upon his chest. As this torture threatened to prove fatal the weights were removed.

The next procedure was to tie the unfortunate man up and flog him with Cossack whips. The sorely-tortured victim still declined to acknowledge a theft of which he was not guilty. He was given twenty-four hours for recuperation, then the whips were again applied, but this time the thongs had been studded with nails and long needles.

Lemper died two hours after this inhuman flogging, and two days later the district magistrate found his fowling piece at the house of a neighbour, where he had inadvertently left it. The report says nothing of any official inquiry into the affair.

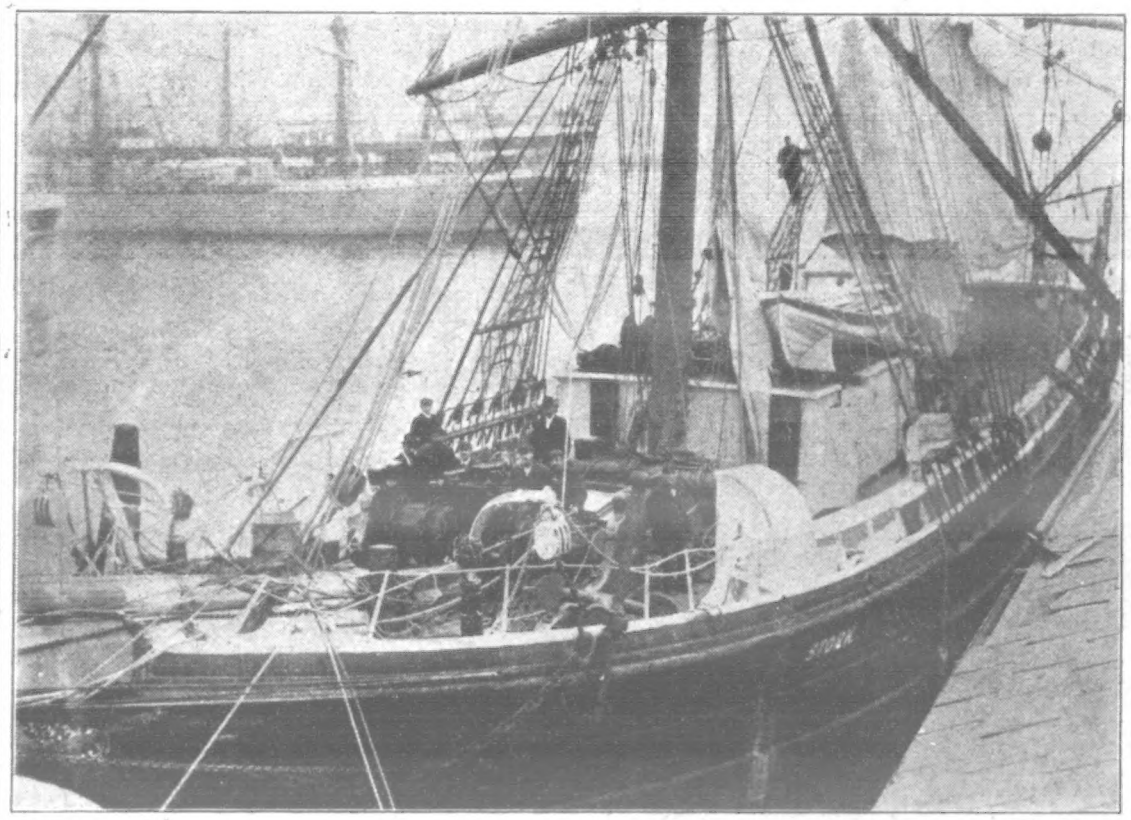
It is only now and again that the outrages and horrors daily enacted by the irresponsible police are brought to light. One does not like even to contemplate the treatment to which thousands of female prisoners are subjected by the police, more especially female political prisoners, who are deprived of the right of bringing any charge against the brutes who abuse them.

Marriage Criticism.

Marriage is an institution made by man for the benefit of man; woman, as in most other laws, was a secondary consideration, and that is where the whole difficulty arises.—Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in *Black and White*.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Church Congress, which was held at Weymouth last week, was attended by over 2,340 visitors. Our photograph is an excellent snapshot of the Bishop of Salisbury (left), President of the Congress, and the Bishop of London.



Photo, Park.

THE END OF AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE: A general view of the deck of the "Stork," which has just arrived in London after being lost in the ice. (See next page.)

Photo, Coghlan.

The Irish Church Congress: His Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland and His Grace the Duke of Abercorn at the Irish Church Congress at Londonderry.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT WEYMOUTH: The Bishop of Gloucester (on left) and the Bishop of Croydon (on right) leaving the Municipal Buildings. The Church Congress this year has had an especially successful session, many very brilliant essays on important topics having been delivered.

Mlle. Rose Noel, the young singer who was shot dead at a French music-hall by a young infantry officer who then held the manager and audience at bay by threatening to shoot anybody who came near him. Ultimately he surrendered to a priest of a neighbouring parish.

Barque's Arctic Trip.

The barque *Stork* arrived at the West India Dock last week after a voyage of fifteen months on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

She is a wooden vessel of about 500 tons, and brought £70,000 worth of furs. The boatswain related a thrilling story of the vessel's remarkable trip.

The *Stork* was heavily insured at Lloyd's, and for many months was given up for lost.

The barque left the West India Dock on June 20, 1904, for Charter Island, Hudson Bay, which was reached on August 30. After discharging their cargo, they took on board £70,000 worth of seal-oil and furs, and set sail on their return journey on September 10.

From the first day they were unlucky. Head winds held them, and when at length they arrived off Mansfield Island they were in the thick of the pack ice. To go aloft was to take one's life in one's hands.

"But what was curious!" interrupted a Scottish sailor, "was the white bears that came off visiting the ship. We hadn't guns to shoot 'em with, but if you sing out at them they'll run away. I saw four hundred."

"The wind shifted in time," remarked the boatswain, "and the *Stork* went clear of the ice-pack, only to enter another a few days later. The weather was then very rough, and the ship was being so hardly used by the pounding ice that the crew addressed a protest to the captain."

According to the men, the crew caused the captain to put back to Charlton Island, which was reached on October 26, when the Arctic winter was setting in.

When the ice began to come in six weeks later, the cargo was discharged, the furs were stored ashore, and the barque was run on the beach. The thermometer dropped as low as forty degrees below zero.

The men shot rabbits for food, and scurvy attacked some members of the crew, but it was cured by a concoction called "juniper beer."

By August 19 this year, when the barque was ready to sail again, provisions were very short, and bad weather was encountered again. While making their way through the ice they met the *Discovery*, which had been ice-bound for five weeks, and she was able to spare some stores.

Heavy gales followed them to the Resolution Islands, and all the way home to the Channel.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

PASSIVE RESISTERS AT BEDFORD: The three imprisoned pastors, the Rev. A. M. Roberts, the Rev. J. Bowles, and the Rev. J. W. Mayo, with their wives leaving the prison in a carriage.

A Bear Hunt.

President Roosevelt describes his recent bear hunt in Colorado in the October number of *Scribner's Magazine*. His article is capital reading, being full of vigorous description and humour. Here is his account of a hunt after a bear that gave the President and his party considerable trouble.

"Next morning we rode off early, taking with us all twenty-six hounds and the four terriers. We wished first to find whether the bear had gone out of the country in which we had seen him, and so rode up a valley and then scrambled laboriously up the mountain-side to the top of the snow-covered divide. Here the snow was three feet deep in places, and the horses plunged and floundered as we worked our way in single file through the drifts. But it had frozen hard the previous night, so that a bear could walk on the crust and leave very little sign. In consequence we came near passing over the place where the animal we were after had actually crossed out of the cañon-like ravine in which we had seen him, and gone over the divide into another set of valleys. . . .

"Old Jim, however, slipped off to one side and speedily satisfied himself that the trail was fresh. Along it he went, giving tongue, and the other dogs were maddened by the sound, while Jim, under such circumstances, paid no heed whatever to any effort to make him come back. Accordingly the other hounds were slipped after him, and down they ran into the valley, while we slid, floundered, and scrambled along the ridge crest parallel to them, until a couple of miles further on we worked our way down to some great slopes covered with dwarf scrub-oak. At the edge of these slopes, where they fell off in abrupt descent to the stream at the bottom of the valley, we halted.

"Opposite us was a high and very rugged mountain side covered with a growth of pinon—never a very close-growing tree—its precipitous flanks broken by ledges and scored by gullies and ravines. It was hard to follow the scent across such a mountain-side, and the dogs speedily became much scattered. We could hear them plainly, and now and then could see them, looking like ants as they ran up and down hill and along the ledges. Finally we heard some of them barking beyond. The volume of sound increased steadily as the straggling dogs joined those which had first reached the hunted animal.

"Almost immediately afterwards we saw the bear, half-way up the opposite mountain-side. The hounds were all around him, and occasionally bit at his hind-quarters; but he had evidently no intention of climbing a tree. When we first saw him he was sitting up on a point of rock surrounded by the pack, his black fur showing to fine advantage. Then he moved off, threatening the dogs and making what in Mississippi is called a walking bay.

"He was a sullen, powerful beast, and his leisurely gait showed how little he feared the pack and how confident he was in his own burly strength. By this time the dogs had been after him for a couple of hours, and as there was no water on the mountain-side we feared they might be getting exhausted, and rode toward them as rapidly as we could. It was a hard climb up to where they were, and we had to lead the horses.

"Just as we came in sight of him, across a deep gully which ran down the sheer mountain-side, he broke bay and started off, threatening the foremost of the pack as they dared to approach him. They were all around him, and for a minute I could not fire, then as he passed under a piñon I got a clear view of his great round stern and pulled trigger. The bullet broke both his hips and he rolled downhill, the hounds yelling with excitement as they closed in on him. He could still play havoc with the pack, and there was need to kill him at once. I leaped and slid down my side of the gully as he rolled down his; at the bottom he stopped and raised himself on his forequarters, and with another bullet I broke his back between the shoulders."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

PASSIVE RESISTERS AT BEDFORD: The crowd waiting to greet the released ministers outside Bedford Prison last week.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A NEW LIBRARY FOR SALISBURY: Lord Avebury opening the door of the splendid new building.

Eleven-fold Betrothal.

Mlle. Korner, of Thun, aged eighteen, has had the strange experience of being engaged to be married to eleven men at the same time. Posing as a wealthy orphan, she corresponded with several matrimonial agencies in various Swiss towns, forwarding photographs of a charming girl friend instead of her own. Without the knowledge of her parents, who are poor tradespeople, she corresponded with all her lovers.

Eleven-fold Betrothal: Mlle. Korner, who, although only eighteen, has had the strange experience of being engaged to eleven men at one time.

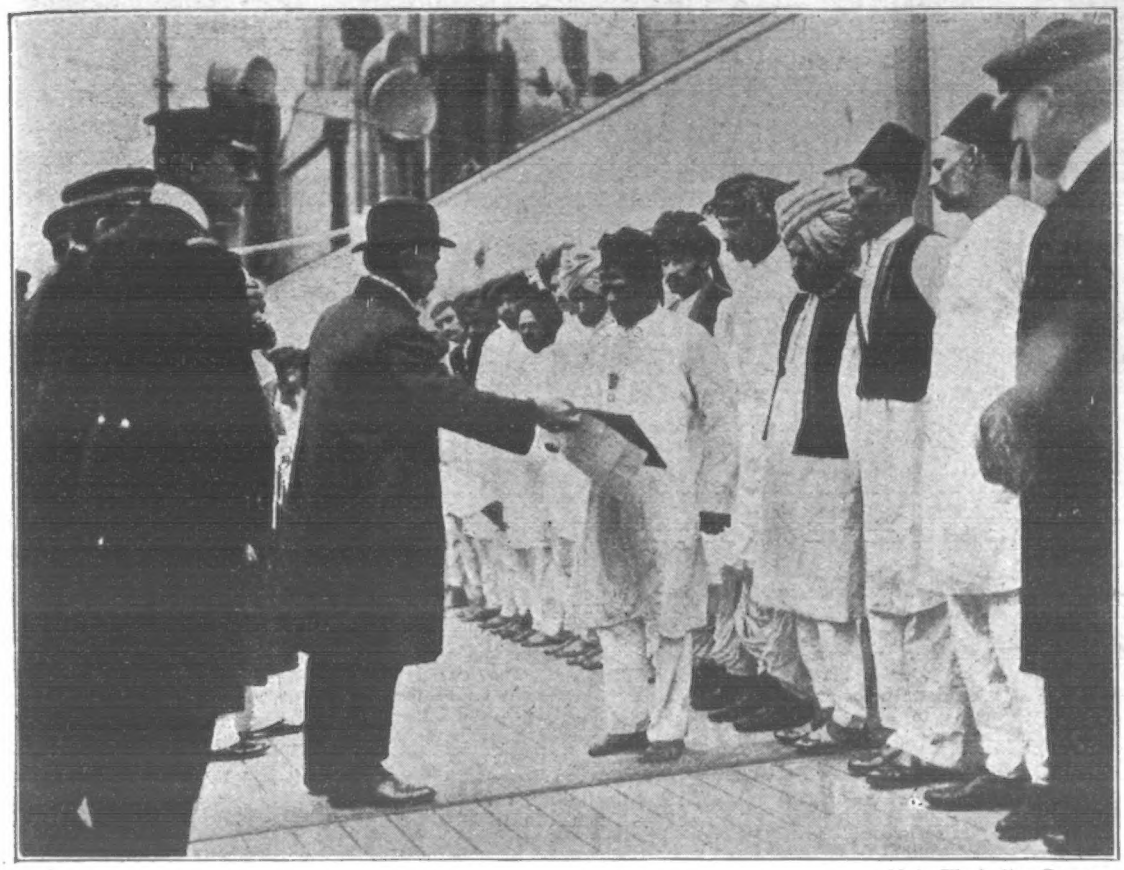


Photo Illustrations Bureau.

LASCAR RECEIVES ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL: Eussof Nobo, a coal trimmer on the P. and O. liner "Moldavia," jumped overboard in a shark-infested sea and rescued a comrade. Our photo shows Captain Harris, superintendent of the line, making the presentation.

Active Volcanoes.

Four or five volcanoes are at this moment in active operation in various parts of the world, Vesuvius not the least. It might be thought that after all that has happened of late in the West Indies, in India, and in Italy, that the earth would really have little more to give forth. Unfortunately this is not so, says the *Evening News*; our unstable old globe can go on for millions of years contracting and outpouring, and still have the wherewithal for her bombardments. The average lad eruption means the displacement of some three-quarters of a cubic mile of material.

That sounds terrible, in bulk. But spread that over the earth's surface, and you get a veneer of lava and ash merely a twelve-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. The shrinkage of the earth by so little as a millimetre (that is, ·03,937 of an inch) would suffice to furnish five hundred awful earthquakes. Recent research shows that the contraction of less than one and a quarter inches is sufficient to have supplied the lava thrown up in all the earthquakes which have occurred in our planet during the last three thousand years.

Ingenious Military Device.

Field telephones were extensively used during the recent Army manœvres, the plan adopted being that of making the soldiers themselves the carriers of the wire. A certain number of men carried on their backs an apparatus like a valise, which contained 3 0 yards of line, and which was connected to a receiver on the shoulder These human exchanges were placed at intervals over the area of operations, and thus messages could be sent across a fire-swept zone without undue (imaginary) risk of life or risk of the message being read by the enemy.

Photo, Bowden.

Madrali, the famous wrestler, who defeated Jenkins at the Lyceum last week.

Postcard Romance.

An engagement has just been announced which is the direct consequence of the finding of a picture postcard in a railway carriage. The sender was a young woman living near Clapham Common, and it was addressed to her sister in South Africa. The finder wrote on it the circumstances under which he found it, and posted it. The result was an invitation a couple of months later to call on the sender, and the engagement followed.

The Bandit Priest.

The annals of crime contain nothing more extraordinary than the career of Father Mathew Putilin, a priest, of Marrinsk, who has just gone to penal servitude for life. Father Putilin, with his two brothers, lived for years a double life. The three men were much respected for their piety and benevolence, but they were all along secretly engaged in a campaign of murder, outrage, and robbery. Young girls were decoyed into the church, and never seen again, and at the trial no fewer than seventeen murders were brought home to accused. The Putilins were in the habit of masking their faces and waylaying travellers on the high road, and on one occasion, armed to the teeth, they held up a Siberian emigrant train and robbed 300 peasants. Finally information reached the police that a brass-bound chest, under the altar of the church, contained stolen property. Detectives concealed themselves in the church at midnight, and, to their amazement, saw Father Putilin blessing his two masked brothers and sprinkling their revolvers with holy water. At the trial the two younger Putilins confessed that their brother always held a benediction service before they set out on their predatory raids, and a thanksgiving when their plans proved successful.

Ship Escapes Volcano, to be Wrecked in Ice.

The British steamer *Roddam*, whose dramatic escape from St. Pierre during the volcanic explosion of Mont Pelée was one of the most remarkable features of that memorable disaster, has gone ashore and been abandoned in the Yenisei River.

She was one of the vessels chartered by the Russian Government to convey stores designed for Vladivostok up the Yenisei River. She was on the return voyage when she went ashore. Two attempts to refloat her have proved unsuccessful. The crew are safe.

It is almost ironical that the *Roddam*, which escaped the fire of Mont Pelée, should now be lost in the ice of the Yenisei.

Her escape from the flames was entirely due to the gallantry of her master, Captain Freeman.

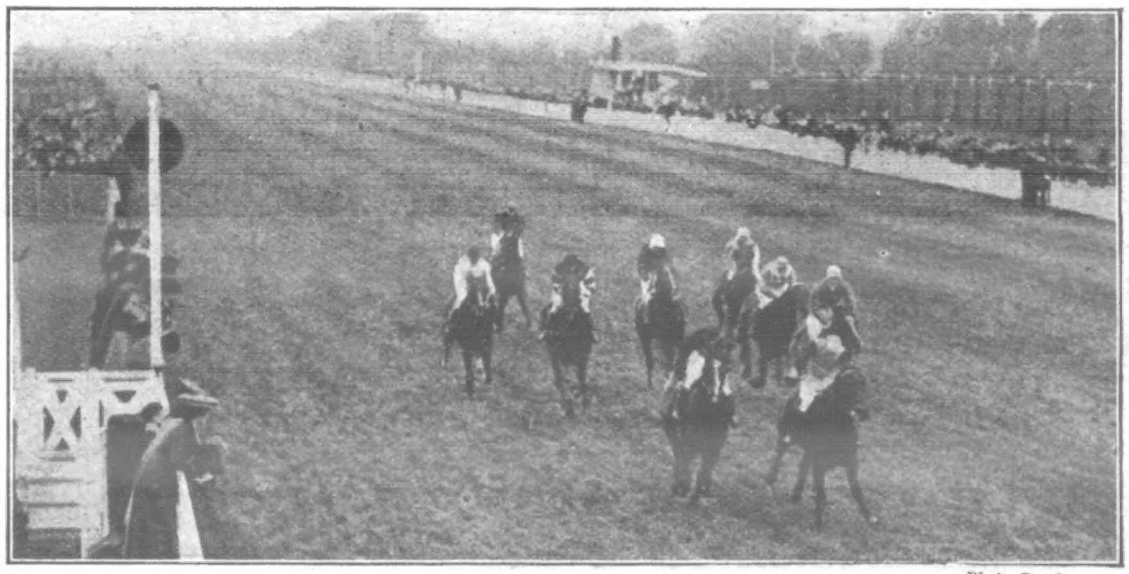
She had just anchored in St. Pierre, on May 8, 1902, when the first explosion rent the mountain. The ship was almost capsized, but righted herself. Then a torrent of burning lava and ashes descended on the harbour.

A wall of flame approached the *Roddam*, and Captain Freeman ordered full steam on. He was terribly burned and disabled by the falling lava, and half his crew were killed or injured. He stuck to his post, and, taking the wheel when the steersman was struck down, he successfully piloted the vessel through the cloud of ashes into Port Castries, St. Lucia.

The *Roddam* was then unrecognisable. Her rigging was burned to pieces. She was grey all over with ashes. Her woodwork was charred. Twenty-five members of the crew had been burned out of human shape.

It was the *Roddam* that gave the world the first news of the calamity that devastated St. Vincent.

Captain Freeman left the *Roddam* some time ago, and her last master is given in Lloyd's Register as Captain Wilcox. She was insured for £10,000.



Photo, Bowden.

RACING AT HURST PARK: The finish of the £1,000 Handicap. Won by Antonio.

"The League of Six" is formed by half a dozen boys, each one of whom wears a badge with the letters "L.O.S." upon it, meaning: Left off swearing, left off smoking, left off skylarking. Prayer meetings are held, and the original six have been the means of enrolling 166 other boys as members.

Floating Fortress.

The first keel-plate of the Dreadnought, which will be the most powerful battleship in the world, was laid at Portsmouth last week by Miss Douglass, daughter of the Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth.

The Dreadnought will be a modification of a type recently designed by Sir Philip Watts. Her displacement will be about 18,000 tons.

The Dreadnought will be armed with ten 12-inch guns of the latest type, each capable of throwing a 960lb. shell a distance of twenty miles, with a muzzle velocity of upwards of 2,500ft. a second.

What this means may be realised from the fact that the striking power of the new vessel will be as great as any three battleships of the ordinary type at such a range as that at which the engagement opened in the battle of the Sea of Japan.

The long-range actions during the late war taught the lesson that the main essential of a battleship is ability to strike crushing blows at a distance of five or six miles.

This the Dreadnought can do, and as no other warship has hitherto mounted more than four 12-inch guns, there will be nothing afloat that can stand up against her in a sea action.

The Dreadnought will be driven by turbines at a speed of 20 knots an hour, and she will also, in spite of her great size, be able to pass through the Suez Canal.

The new battleship will be strongly protected with steel armour, and in addition to being the most powerful warship in the world, she will be built in the shortest time, for it is expected that she will be launched in February.

BANDIT PRIESTS: This photograph, taken within the precincts of the prison at Marrinsk, shows the convict priest, Father Putilin (on the left), his two brothers who are undergoing short terms of imprisonment, and Detective Mazardin who had charge of this most sensational case.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Stoke are still at the head of the league table and, speaking from memory, I doubt if the Pottery club has ever made a better start in the whole course of its existence. To have only lost one match in seven attempts is a record of which any side might be proud and that is the position of Stoke at present. On Saturday last they beat Sunderland by 1 goal to nil.

Many people are inclined to be sceptical of the advantage of playing at home, but surely the fact that only one visiting club won last week is sufficient to overthrow any doubts on the subject. The success of the Arsenal was very welcome and they now figure in the middle of the table. They have been handicapped all the season by the want of a centre forward of class, and last Saturday, Coleman, who had stood down in the two previous matches, was tried in that position with success, for against Wolverhampton Wanderers he scored both of the goals by which his side won.

Preston North End were too good for Manchester City and beat them by 2 goals to nil, and Middlesbrough scored 5 goals against a solitary one by Bury. Newcastle United and Notts Forest had a close tussle at St. James' Park, but the champions were just too good for the Foresters and beat them by 3 goals to 2.

Notts County and Birmingham drew—no goals being scored—while only one goal divided Bolton Wanderers and Blackburn Rovers, the former securing it. Liverpool gained one of the best victories of the day, as they defeated Derby County by 4 goals to 1. Considering the positions of the clubs in the table the victory was one of the most remarkable of the series. Sheffield United and Everton had a tough battle at Bramall Lane, and the Blades just got home by 3 goals to 2. Aston Villa and Sheffield Wednesday tried conclusions on the latter's ground and the former won by 3 goals to nil. Thus, both the Wednesday and Derby County were beaten and no club now remains in the first division without a loss.

One of London's two second division clubs, Chelsea, was engaged in the cup ties so that they did not figure in the tournament. Of the matches played Glossop beat Blackpool, Grimsby Town defeated Stockport County, and Bristol City West Bromwich Albion. Leicester Fosse accounted for Gainsborough Trinity, Burslem Port Vale were too good for Burnley, and Burton United scored two goals against Lincoln City's nil. No goals were scored in the matches between Manchester United and Bradford City, and Clapton Orient and Barnsley.

Plymouth Argyle head the Southern League with Milwall running them very close, Fulham, Luton, and Bristol Rovers well up. Then Tottenham Hotspur, Portsmouth, and Southampton are in the running, and the competition has assumed a most interesting appearance. Last Saturday, the Argyle, playing at home, proved just a goal too good for Brighton and Hove Albion.

Brentford and Fulham played a sensational game on the former's ground, and the two goals by which Fulham won were only gained in the last two minutes. Millwall easily defeated New Brompton by 5 goals to nil, and Swindon Town are to be congratulated on a capital win at the expense of Portsmouth. West Ham were just beaten by Norwich City by one goal, and Tottenham Hotspur are considered fortunate to have beaten Queen's Park Rangers.

Northampton were a goal better than Reading and it was very welcome as they had so far failed to win a Southern League match this season. Southampton had Watford for opponents and here again the victory was of the narrowest, the Saints just winning by 2 goals to 1. Luton's win over Bristol Rovers was of the sensational order, for nobody expected such a score as 7 goals to 1.

The New Zealanders continue to win, but their latest victory—gained by 16 points to 3—over Durham, does not bear out the opinion that they will go back to New Zealand without a defeat. Certainly they were much better in all-round tactics than the champion county, but the latter had the satisfaction of being the first team to cross the Colonial's line in the tour, and it may well be that, when our men get thoroughly fit and go on to the field without the fear of a heavy defeat weighing on them, then a far different state of things will be seen. But after the manner in which the New Zealanders romped round Middlesex, I don't think that any but International sides will hold our visitors.

FULHAM BEAT BRENTFORD BY TWO GOALS TO NIL: Brentford heading the ball away.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

NOTTS COUNTY v. BIRMINGHAM, AT TRENT BRIDGE: After some smart play on both sides the game ends in a goal-less draw.

Photo, Bowden.

LONDON SCOTTISH BEAT ROSSLYN PARK BY SIXTEEN TO THREE: Stopping a rush.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

"Over the sticks" is now holding the field in athletics for several months to come, the harrier clubs will be disporting themselves over "plough and meadow," and the cinder path will be practically deserted. On Saturday the first serious attempt was made by the cross-country bodies to get under way, and though no contest of importance has yet been decided, most of the clubs were busily preparing for that which is to come.

The oldest of our cross-country clubs, the Thames Hare and Hounds, opened at Roehampton last Saturday. The club is in its thirty-eighth season, and there is plenty of life in it yet. The spin was over the four and three-quarter miles course, and two packs were in the field. There was a race home, and this was won by the club crack, G. Dawson.

The Highgate Harrier has lately joined the ranks of the benedicts, but he has gone into strict training and he will want a lot of beating for the Southern and National. He has a dangerous rival in a fellow-clubmate, George Pearce, who, by-the-way, beat him on level terms in one race last season. Both the Highgate runners will have to reckon with W. G. Dunklen, and should A. R. Churchill elect to assist the Ranelagh Harriers, the old Cantab ought to be well in the running. Altogether it looks like being a season of exceptional interest.

The Gainsford Athletic Club had an interesting meeting at Paddington Recreation Grounds. The hundred yards club championship was won by F. Harrison, the five miles cycle by F. Limby, and the handicaps produced some good sport. Another family gathering was that of the Southwark Park Club, and was chiefly noticeable for the success of the backmarkers, F. J. Bailey, D. Pritchard, and L. Robinson, all winning from scratch. At the Metropolitan Water Board Sports, A. J. Fawden, the South London Harrier, won the veterans' race from a short mark.

GOLF.

James Braid, the old Romford professional, has set further seal on his fame by his victory in the Professional Golfers' Association's annual tournament this being his second win in three years. And his success had the merit of being well won. He overcame the difficulties of the course and the high wind with the consummate skill of which we know him to be possessed, and Tom Vardon, who opposed him in the final, was rather easily beaten by 4 up and 3 to play. Perhaps the most unexpected result in the whole of the tournament was the defeat of J. H. Taylor by A. Mitchell. This happened in the third round when the East Sussex player was at his best while Taylor was below par. Given all this in, Mitchell's victory proves that he will become a hard nut to crack in future championships.

LAWN TENNIS.

Seldom has there been greater interest in a meeting at the back end of the year than is taken in the London Covered Courts Championship at the Queen's Club. Last Saturday Miss D. K. Douglass beat Miss E. W. Thomson in the final round of the Ladies' singles and the remaining finals were decided on Monday when A. W. Gore defeated M. J. G. Ritchie in the Gentlemen's singles by 3 sets to 1; H. L. Doherty and Miss Thomson, taking the mixed doubles from A. E. Beamish and Mrs. Hillyard by 2 sets to love and Gore and Caridia the Gentlemen's doubles from H. L. Doherty and G. W. Hillyard by 3 sets to 0.

BILLIARDS.

To Chas. Dawson is credited the highest break of the season, up to the time of writing. Last Saturday, in his match with Inman, he made 515 before breaking down at an easy shot—as good players so often do. He was to the front, too, on Monday night,

Photo, Whitlock

Alfred Shrubb, England's amateur champion long-distance runner, who has been permanently suspended by the Amateur Athletic Association.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

NEW ZEALAND BEAT MIDDLESEX AT CHELSEA: Some fine passing by the New Zealanders.

when in the course of his match with Diggle (whom everybody is glad to see playing again) he made a break of 348. Some people say that Dawson is a "back-number"—these two great breaks should cause them to modify their opinions.

Shrubb Suspended.

Alfred Shrubb has been adjudged by the Amateur Athletic Association to have been guilty of a contravention of their laws, and one of the finest runners the world has ever seen has probably run his last race. Of course he can compete as a professional, but where is he going to make a match. He certainly can't get one in this country, for, so far as I know, there is no distance runner of anything approaching his class amongst the pros.

What a pity we haven't a Cummings or a George at the moment. Then there might be some sport, for Englishmen will always go to see a contest of class. One man who, I am told, is disappointed at Shrubb's suspension, is Aldridge, who was looking to the National Cross-Country Championship in the hope of showing the way to his late rival in the great event of next spring.

The suspension is the outcome of Shrubb having had his expenses paid at certain athletic meetings in direct contravention of the Association's rule, which says that a competitor who asks for or receives hotel, travelling, or other expenses ceases to be an amateur.

Shrubb's record is truly a marvellous one. For four years he won the four and ten miles A.A.A. championships and all the championships of the National and Southern Counties Cross-Country Associations, and for two years he was holder of the one mile flat championship.

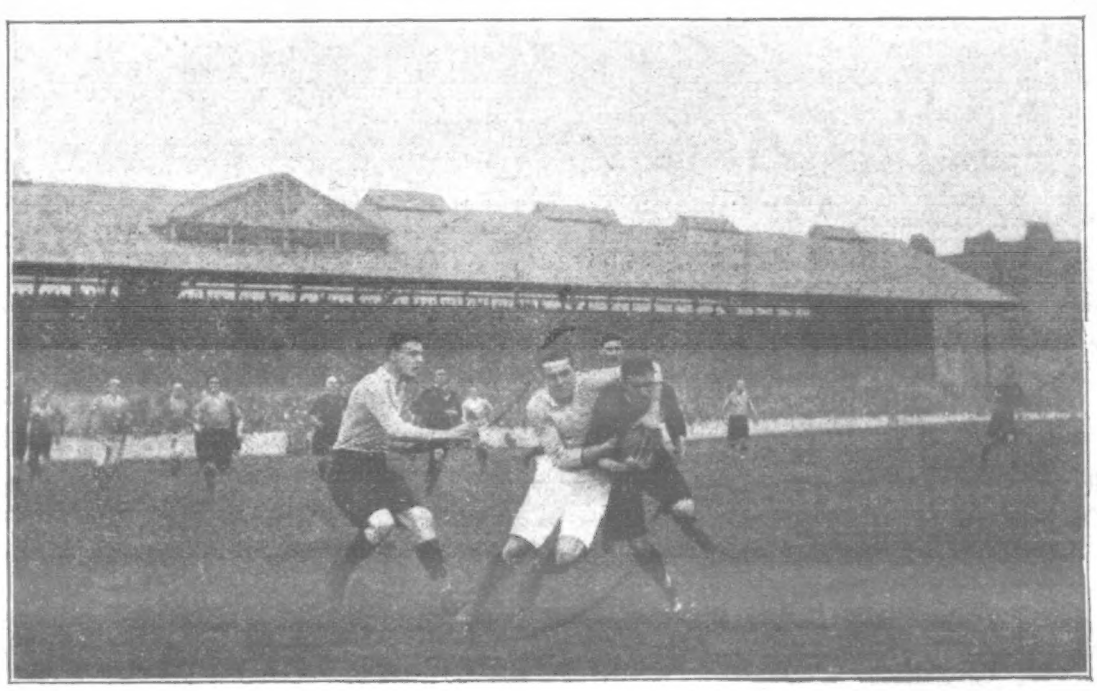
He holds all amateur records from one and a half to eleven miles, his times being as follows:

Mile and a half, 6min. 47 3-5sec.; two miles, 9min. 9 3-5sec.; three miles, 14min. 17 3-5sec.; four miles, 19min. 23 2-5sec.; five miles, 24min. 33 2-5sec.; six miles, 29min. 59 2-5sec.; seven miles, 35min. 4 2-5sec.; eight miles, 40min. 16sec.; nine miles, 45min. 27 3-5sec.; ten miles, 50min. 40 3-5sec.; and eleven miles 1,136 yards in an hour.

The Horse and its Rivals.

In the hall of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Camden Town, the annual gathering of professors and students of the College took place last week. Sir Thomas Elliott, K.C.B., Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, presided, the address being delivered by Mr. W. Hunting, F.R.C.V.S., to a large assembly.

Mr. Hunting, in the course of his address, said that there were pessimists who told them that the advent of electric trams and motor-cars would drive the horse from the fields and off the streets. This he did not believe, although he allowed that the electric tramway was a serious competitor. Probably 20,000 horses had already been displaced in Great Britain by electricity, and more were sure to follow. The motor-car had also displaced a few animals, but in many cases the owners had returned to the animals. The first six months work by motors, when the machinery was new, had deceived people into believing that that freshness was a permanent condition. Owners, however, would have a rude awakening, and be glad to resume horse haulage. Probably in time engineering skill would surmount all difficulties, and the inanimate motor be a practicable and economical article. But the time was not yet. Finally, Mr. Hunting said that he was convinced that the veterinary profession had not yet reached its zenith. It would continue its development and rise higher yet in public estimation.



NEW ZEALAND v. MIDDLESEX AT CHELSEA: The Colonials smartly tackled

The Salmon and its Foes.

The life history of the salmon in its early stages is now ascertained beyond any doubt, thanks to the modern practice of utilising artificial hatcheries. . . . The point to note, says a writer in *Baily's Magazine*, is that the parr remain in the river of their birth for two years after hatching, some even three years, until they assume the silvery, sheeny mantle that proclaims them ripe for their sea migration.

Then they drop down to the sea, the salt, unplumbed, mysterious sea, and there we lose sight of them. We cannot follow them thither, and we are therefore left to conjecture in trying to find out how they fare. Of one thing we are certain, and that is that the great majority of them disappear in the sea for ever. It is for them the bourne from which few travellers return; the bulk of them fall an easy prey to their multitudinous foes, gulls, coalfish, and others, which lie in wait for them at the river mouth and gorge themselves on the baby salmon. Of every thousand that go down, it is conjectured only one specimen returns.

What happens, so far as we can make out, is this: The stragglers of the descending army, having run the gauntlet of their enemies, settle down somewhere near a sandbank where there is plenty of food, eat voraciously, grow enormously, and in a very short time the tiny smolt of four inches long is transformed to a shining grilse, ready to our its swift way back to its river home. This is the homing of the salmon so-called. The earliest smolts descend in April, and the first grilse are in evidence in May and June.

Photo, Bowden.

NEW ZEALAND v. MIDDLESEX AT CHELSEA: The Colonials continue their triumphant career by beating Middlesex

Ideal Beauty *versus* Unsightly Obesity.

The following signed article appeared in *Woman*.

"Full appreciation of the natural beauty of the graceful combination of curves, and their wondrous harmony, presented by the outline of the unexaggerated healthy human form, which by universal agreement of cultivated peoples constitutes the highest canon of beauty, can only be attained by careful study. But there is innate in everybody, in some degree, this appreciation, and a converse dislike to those departures from his or her standard of beauty, which awakens a keen sense of displeasure. Possibly no condition in women awakens this sense of disapproval in men, and conscious regret in the unfortunate victim herself, as obesity in woman in any marked degree. Though among not a few of the 'savage' tribes this very excess of fat is regarded as a mark of beauty, the ideal of beauty as created by the intellect of Greece, and universally adopted by modern civilisation, rigorously excluded an excess of fat as without the canon of beauty. Even a Bond Street *costumière* of to-day says: 'If you mean to be fashionable (that is, pleasing to the eye) you must have a long waist and no superfluous adipose tissue, and as tight corsets are quite as much tabooed as a too massive figure, you must go to some specialist and be reduced to proper proportions.' The specialist who will teach a simple and harmless gospel of reduction by safe, healthful, and, withal, pleasant means, is Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, who makes no secret of his method, but clearly describes it in his book 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which he will give to any sufferer from over-stoutness who will apply for it, and send him two penny stamps to cover its postage. "ANNE PAGE."

A Woman's Greatest Foe.

"Of three evils—wrinkles, corpulency, and superfluous hairs—it is difficult to know which causes a woman the most grief. The first trouble can, however, be hidden by the judicious application of a good 'liquid powder,' but, alas and alack! the second never can be hidden; it must, like the superfluous hairs, be removed, and that by a properly qualified specialist who has proved by his numerous successes that he is able to do what he promises, and that, too, without causing a great deal of inconvenience such as our modern ways of living would not permit of accomplishment. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, will reduce the weight and the disfiguring fat by judicious and healthful means, and at a very moderate expenditure for the increased health, and happiness, and elegance that it will mean. In his book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (which, by the way, he will give to any of our readers who ask him for it, enclosing with their request the two stamps necessary for its postage), he describes the method and the means, and both will so appeal to the common-sense that no one who possesses this commodity will any longer remain 'too fat' but will take a new lease of life, and of the youthfulness that will make that life buoyant and desirable."
—*The Yorkshire Gazette.*

Dangers of Obesity.

Extraordinarily Successful Treatment.

A great authority on corpulency, its causes, and its cure, calls attention to certain vital facts which all of us who are inclined to undue stoutness would do well to ponder over with the utmost seriousness. Obesity is not merely an unwelcome and uncomely physical development: it is a grave menace to health. An accumulation of fat may occur upon the muscles of the heart or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are extremely liable to have these vital organs impaired, whereby disaster is invited. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, the well-known specialist from whose book, "Corpulency and the Cure," we glean our facts, says:—"Those who suffer from *polysarcia omenti*, that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat, sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the complaints known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver." How may this state of things be remedied? Mr. Russell shows us the way. By the author's treatment we may positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health and strength, muscle and brain. Paradoxical as it may seem, the process of reduction is accompanied by increase of appetite and greater digestive activity, so that whilst more food is required and vigour and vitality are thereby increased, the body grows less and less in weight to the extent of from ¼lb. to 2lb. a day, as the test of the weighing machine will demonstrate. The treatment is absolutely harmless and involves no discomfort or inconvenience, no irritating restrictions, no weakening cathartics. It is an unquestioned and unquestionable success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within 24 hours of commencing the treatment, which aims at the very root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when the treatment is discontinued. To judge from the records of nearly a thousand cases in which the patients themselves have testified in writing to the marvellous effects of the regimen, Mr. Russell is to be heartily congratulated upon the practical results of his study and research. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say, that on sending 2d. in stamps the book "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had (post free) from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square London, W.C.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

At an early date Mr. Forbes Robertson will revive "For the Crown" at the Scala Theatre. It will be preceded by "Carrots," in which latter piece Miss Gertrude Elliott has already appeared, with marked success.

That the practice of employing young children in theatrical performances is undoubtedly open to objection, is the report of a London County Council committee. This committee also regards the attendance of young children at police courts for licences as exposing them to distinctly contaminating influences.

The estate of the late Mr. Herbert Campbell, the well-known comedian, has been proved at £4,477 10s. 8d. Mr. Campbell's will, it will be remembered, was missing, and the court pronounced in favour of a draft of his will dated December, 1900. In view of this the draft has been accepted at the Probate Registry. Mr. Campbell's bequests include one year's wages to each servant of two years' service, and £500 to Edith Rivers, comedienne. The income of three-fourths of the residue he left to his wife, and the remainder of the income to his niece, Ethel Campbell. If, however, the income does not amount to £500 per annum, the wife's portion is to be made up to that amount.

A great sensation is being caused at the Berlin music-halls by a ten-year-old dancing girl from Budapest, who appears on the variety stage in a dance to the music of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and the pilgrim's chorus from "Tannhauser."

The alterations in the proscenium arch of His Majesty's Theatre are complete, and Mr. Tree has resumed the run of "Oliver Twist" there. On the reopening night (October 12) a special souvenir was given away, containing a portrait of Dickens and one of Mr. Tree as Fagin.

Mlle. Rose Noel, a popular young singer, was murdered in dramatic fashion on the stage of the Eldorado Music-hall in Nantes last week. As she was beginning an encore song, Lieutenant Réné Thomas, a young infantry officer, stood up in the third row of the stalls, drew his revolver, and fired at her. The woman dropped dead instantly. For nearly an hour the murderer held the police, the magistrate, and the crowd at bay with his revolver. Then he burst into tears, and asked to be allowed to see the body of the victim and a priest. He was conducted behind the scenes, where he knelt motionless beside the body for some time. At two o'clock he gave up his revolver to the priest. He was locked up in the military prison. It is stated that Mlle. Noel had lately received several letters from the lieutenant warning her of his intention.

On Tuesday, last week, Mrs. John Pinero, mother of Mr. Arthur Pinero, the famous dramatist, died at Brighton. Mrs. Pinero was in her seventieth year.

The special engagement of Mrs. Bernard Beere at the Coliseum is announced. She will appear as Mère Michaud in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's one-act play "The Spy." A new musical sketch, entitled, "In Cap and Bells," by Miss Rita Strauss and Mr. Thomas F. G. Coates, will be produced at the Coliseum in December.

Mr. Arthur Collins, at the request of Mr. Hall Caine, invited several hundred ministers of religion, of all denominations, to be present at the extra matinée of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday, October 12.

For three-quarters of an hour one night last week the audience at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where "It's Never too Late to Mend" was being performed, waited patiently while stage hands made strenuous efforts to raise the fireproof curtain. The curtain, which weighs ten tons, is usually raised during the overture. On this occasion, however, after moving upwards a few feet, it fell back on the stage with a resounding crash, a stage hand narrowly escaping injury. In spite of every effort, it could not be drawn up, and the house was finally emptied, the money being returned at the doors. The defect was afterwards remedied.

Photo, Bassano.

"OLIVER TWIST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S: Miss Constance Collier as "Nancy."

It is pleasant to lovers of Dickens to know that the works of our favourite novelist enjoy great popularity all over the Continent. In proof of this, news is to hand that "Klein Dorrit," a dramatised version in German of Charles Dicken's "Little Dorrit," is now being played at the Imperial Hofburg Theatre in Vienna. At about thirty other theatres on the Continent Dickens dramatisations are to be produced.

Mr. Quenton Ashlyn, the well-known entertainer, whose conversion and abandonment of the stage for the mission platform several months ago was one of the sensations of the Torrey-Alexander Mission, has been preaching all the summer. An account of Mr. Ashlyn's conversion appeared in the *P.I.P.* at the time. His boast, when personal friends assured him that he would soon come to beggary, was that all his needs would be provided for. To an *Express* representative he said the other night: "I want to tell the world that I did not boast in vain. As regards health, temporal means, and peace and happiness of mind, life is a new thing to me. 'My cup runneth over.'"

His services in London immediately after his "conversion" were succeeded by a long mission visit to Margate, and then to Wales, where he intended to take a rest, but soon found himself full of engagements. "I finished at Bath last Sunday night," he said, "and am now full up with engagements lasting until Curistmas." Mr. Quenton Ashlyn, who now wishes to be known only by his real name, Frank Kennedy, says that he will not allow a collection to be made at any of his meetings, as he does not think that money should be taken for Christian work from the unsaved. He takes for himself only what the Christian bodies who invite him to preach give him spontaneously.

The newly constructed Empire in Leicester Square opened its doors to the public on Monday evening, October 9. Mr. Verity, the architect, has completely changed the appearance of the house. The stalls occupy the whole of the ground floor, with the exception of the new lounge at the back. The lower, or "box circle," surrounded by private boxes, which have been brought forward, is on a level with the vestibule, as before. New exits and entrances have been made, and each floor is now "self-contained." The decorations are in the pure "Empire" style, the colouring being white, green, and gold.

Between fifty and sixty enthusiastic playgoers from Lancashire travelled by the special express from Manchester on Friday (October 6) to see "What the Butler Saw," the play written by Judge Parry, the popular ruler of Manchester's County Court, at the Savoy Theatre. They had been well dined on the journey, and on arriving at Marylebone found five "private motor-cars," in the shape of brightly-lit "Vanguard" omnibuses, waiting to take them to the Savoy.

The arrival of the procession in the quiet courtyard of the Savoy was marked by a curious incident. The porters had not been told of what was to happen. One of them thought the "Vanguard" driver had taken the wrong turning, and waved him back furiously. But the great omnibuses came quietly to rest, and the visitors from the north very sedately entered the theatre, and for the rest of the evening enjoyed and applauded the play. That over, such of them as are not prolonging their stay here re-entered their "private" omnibuses and went gaily back to the station, quite ready for the supper which was to be served on the return journey.

For two guineas—less than the ordinary return railway fare—each had his first-class seat, his two motor-rides, his stall at the theatre, his dinner, and his supper. And here is a true story. A man from Rochdale presented himself at the railway booking-office in Manchester and inquired about the cheap inclusive tickets. "Mun I go t'theatre if Ah tak' this?" he asked. "No, you are not bound to," was the reply. "Then Ah'll have 'un," he said; "you'd 'ave got a deal more passengers if people'd known tha-at." And he went off happily with his cheap ticket.

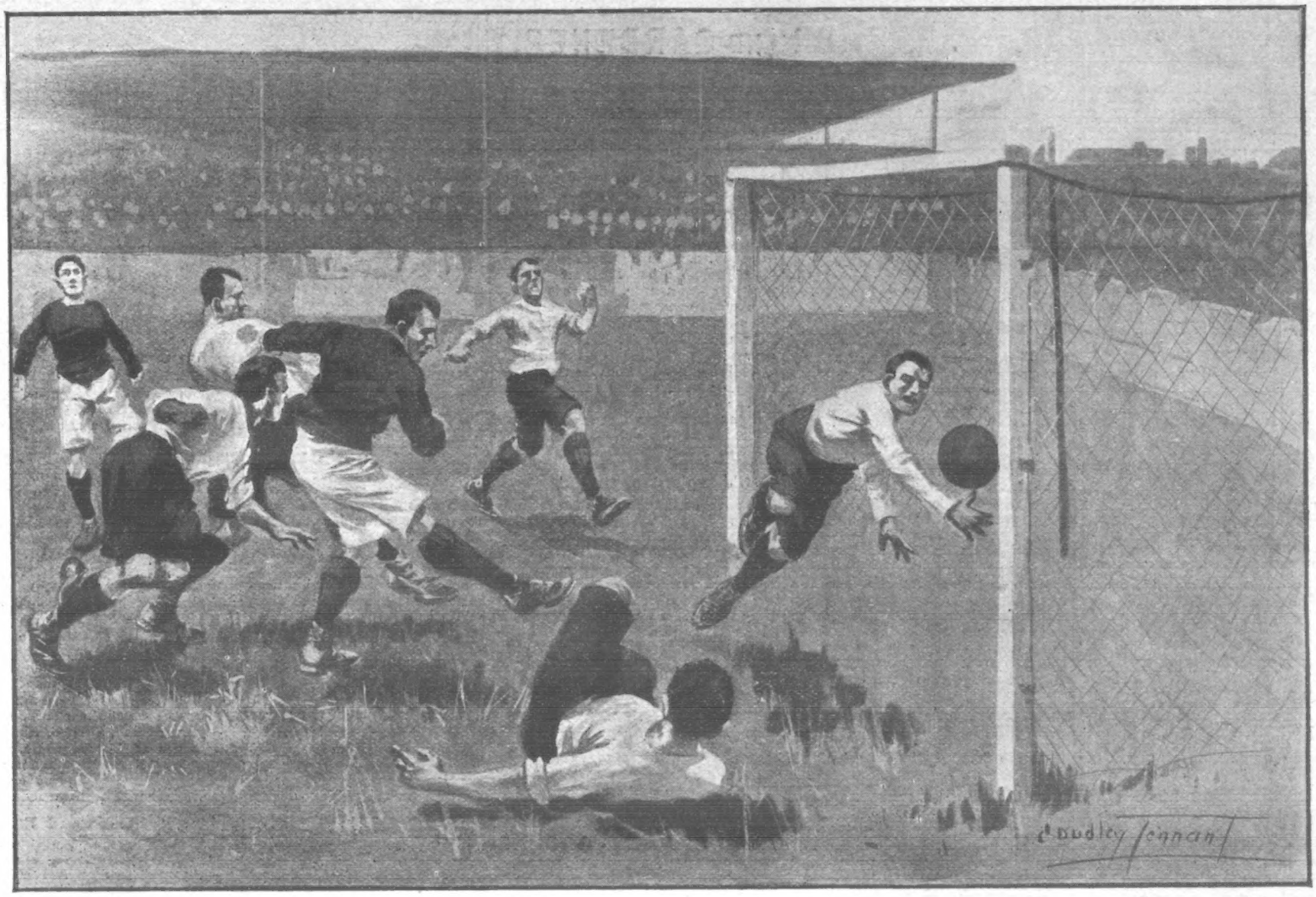
We hear a great deal about how the poor live, and something about how the rich live, but with regard to the latter feature of modern society perhaps the best insight may be obtained by a regular attendance at the West End theatres. The furnishing of scenes upon the stage is now carried out with every care for accuracy and attractiveness, and the old painted cloths and primitive properties which served the purpose of Mr. Vincent Crummles—to go no farther back than mid-Victorian days—would not be tolerated to-day by the humblest audiences. In the West End theatres a society comedy is something like a liberal, and free, education in the art of making artistic homes. Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, W., for example, make quite a feature of stage furnishing and produce excellent effects. A case in point is to be found in "The Walls of Jericho," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Here they have made a boudoir beautiful in old French gilt and tapestried furniture, with a lovely pianoforte painted with Watteau panels; there is a lovely old rose drawing-room in similar style, with a magnificent old French cabinet; a greenish-blue ball-room shows some elegant divans and settees, and the library scene is equally handsome.

Photo, Bassano.

"A PRIVY COUNCIL" AT THE HAYMARKET: Miss Alice Crawford as Mrs. Knipp, the actress, disturbed when supping with Pepys by his suspicious wife——

Photo, Bassano.

——She assumes the disguise of Charles II., and affects to have been disturbed at a Privy Council. The abashed wife then craves the supposed King's pardon.

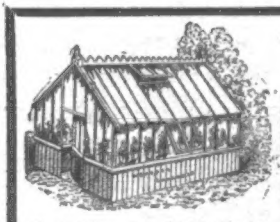


"BRAVO, COLEMAN!"

Woolwich Arsenal secured a great victory over the "Wolves" (Wolverhampton Wanderers) last Saturday. A wonderful dribble by Coleman, who was playing centre, gave Arsenal the first goal, and a fine display of forward work was completed by the same player with a second goal. Final result: Two to nil.

THE GREAT DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

Special Sketches made by our Artist at the Agricultural Hall last week.



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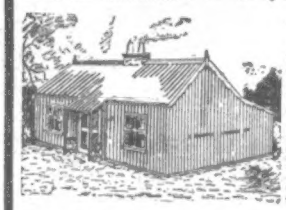

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P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Cauliflower.

The Cauliflower is classed as a vegetable, although the parts cooked and eaten are really the flowering head. It is worthy of all the skill and care that can be bestowed upon it. There are many excellent varieties sold at the seed shops, which in the large establishments are sown just now under hand-glasses or in sheltered borders, so as to come in for use in the spring. A rich, light soil is the spot to be selected for the seed-bed, and kept well watered until the seedlings appear, and as soon as they are a couple of inches in height they may be transplanted about 3in. apart into another bed and kept shaded from the midday sun until they are established. Those intended for wintering under glass must be finally transplanted during October in a rich piece of ground, in such a manner, that three plants come well within the space the hand-light occupies. They will not need much air until rooted; when a little tilting is advisable on warm days, taking care to close up for the night. If the weather should prove incessantly inclement a little litter scattered over for protection is the thing, or, failing this, garden mats must be used. Conforming to the varying changes in the weather, the plants may need protection until May. During March it is customary to lift out the third plant and set it in the open ground in a sheltered spot, and it will follow those that have pushed along under cover.

The Wyandotte Fowl.

The Wyandotte fowl has a character of its own, and does not in any way resemble any of the other breeds, although several varieties were brought into combination to produce it. In shape it is more like the Brahma than anything else, although the neck is longer than is found on tha breed. There are the clean yellow legs to which the Americans are so partial, and, of course, the yellow skin. The comb is rose-coloured like that of the Hamburg, but it is smaller than in that breed. The plumage is slate in its ground colour with black markings, which are of the kind known as lacing, that is, each feather is laced or edged with black, and when seen separately form an oval ring of black around the slate ground colour. This is the same as is found on the Sebright Bantam, the plumage markings of which is the ideal for the Wyandotte. This combination is found on no other fowl, and is very pretty in appearance. There is plenty of room for improvement yet, and the skill of breeders will be exercised to bring the variety to perfection. The hens are good layers of tinted eggs, capital foragers, careful sitters, and reliable mothers, very tractable, and make large, well-flavoured table fowls. For general purposes of the Wyandotte is an admirable breed, and, when well marked, is very handsome,

Champions of the Dairy.

The thirtieth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened last week at the Agricultural Hall, and its 7,677 entries are 300 in excess of the highest number of any previous show.

Sights, sounds, and scents of the dairy farm filled the great hall and all its annexes. Every square yard of the exhibition space contained something of interest. The show is not only a very pleasing spectacle, but also a splendid education in the methods of one of our oldest and most important industries.

Stalled on the ground floor were lowing milch cows of all breeds, some choice bulls, and a comprehensive display of she-goats. There were ramparts of cheese on every hand, all varieties being well represented, and the cheddars alone weighed in all more than 100 tons.

Bacon and hams, butter, cream, eggs, honey, and dressed poultry were arrayed in tempting profusion. The ring and clatter of scores of mechanical dairy implements at work gave the show a very bustling air; but the busiest spot was a wide palm-fringed ring in the centre of the hall, where a crowd of snowy frocked country lasses juggled with their churns in a butter-making competition.

The galleries were given over to a noisy multitude of over 5,500 head of live poultry and pigeons.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Thomas Cundy, of Devonport, that his fine South Devon cow, Primrose, last year's champion in the milking and butter tests, and winner of three fifty-guinea cups, caught a chill when taken out for inspection, and is now in the hands of the veterinary surgeon. She was expected to gain more honours this year; but now, having gained one first prize, can take no further part in the competition.

The cows shown ranged from tiny, ebony-coated Kerrys to massive red Devons. The pretty fawn-coloured Jerseys were a specially good exhibit. Earl Cadogan's Jersey heifer, Garantir, won a first prize and the Blythwood Bowl. The Bishop of Ipswich owned the second prize heifer.

For a shorthorn cow, a red poll, and a Jersey Lord Rothschild won first prizes. The premier award for Kerrys went to Mr. G. Llewellyn Palmer's beautifully built little cow, Molly Dhubh, the Duchess of Newcastle's Kerry being second.

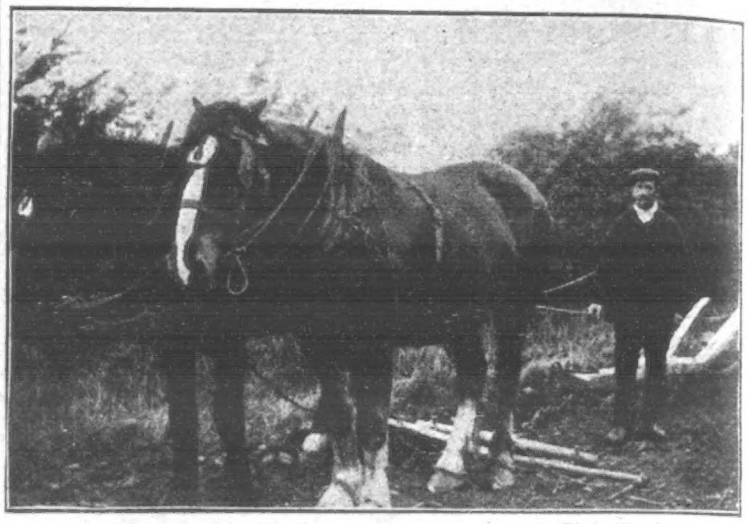
A cow justly described as wonderful is Captain Smith-Neill's cross-bred, Doctor, whose age is twenty-four years. The oldest cow in the show, she is still a power in the butter-making contests, and is expected to repeat her triumph of last year, when she gained a first prize.

As president of the British Goat Society the Baroness Burdett-Coutts exhibits nine choice goats, and has gained first prizes for a horned and a hornless she-goat.

The first of the butter-making contests ended in an Irish lassie, Miss Mary O'Byrne, of Cork, winning the first prize among twenty-five competitors.

Harvests in Many Lands.

The harvest times vary in different parts of the world; thus, January is the harvest time in Australia, New Zealand, Chili, and the Argentine Republic, and February and March are the months in Upper Egypt and India, while April is the harvest month in Lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico, and Cuba. The harvest month of Texas, Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, and Morocco is May, while that of California, Oregan, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and South of France is June. The harvest month in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Southern Minnesota, Nebraska, Upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, and South of England is July, while August is the harvest month in Central and Northern Minnesota, Dakota, Manitoba, Lower Canada, Colombia, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, and Central Russia. In September and October the wheat harvest is gathered in Scotland, Sweden, Norway, and the north of Russia, while November is the harvest month in Peru and South Africa, and in December the harvest is gathered in in Burmah.



Photo, Charles Cuff.

DUNMOW PLOUGHING MATCH: One of the winners, Mr. W. Moore, of Great Easton, Dunmow.

Photo, Topical.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH AT DUNMOW: A vet.ran son of the soil, William Baker, aged 75, who has won many prizes.

Photo, Charles Cuff.

DUNMOW PLOUGHING MATCH: Judges of ploughing, the centre figure being Mr. W. Halfyard, the champion ploughman of England, who has won over £200 in prizes.

Odds and Ends.

A Belgrade litigant is suing for £2,000 damages, the alleged value of prospective eggs and chickens which he lost by the theft of a pair of fowls.

Mr. Faulkner, a market gardener of Inkpen, a village sheltered by the Hampshire Hills, has in his garden bushes laden with fine raspberries.

At the Yarmouth parish church last week the annual ceremony of blessing the nets preparatory to the boats beginning the home herring fishing voyage was performed. The nets were draped on the communion rails, and the traditional fishermen's hymn was sung.

A strawberry plant which bears fruit all the year round has been evolved, according to the American papers, by a grower in New Jersey. This wonder was produced by crossing an ordinary plant with a certain hardy species growing in the far north.

An old inhabitant of the village of Maids Moreton, near Buckingham, has passed away in the person of Miss Mary Jones. She never possessed a clock or a timepiece of any description during the whole of her lifetime of eighty years. She timed her movements accurately by instinct, as primitive peoples do.

The Herts Agricultural Society has awarded a prize of £1 for long service to J. White, an agricultural labourer in the employment of Mr. Frank Stacey, of Wickham Hall, Bishop's Stortford. He has been working on Mr. Stacey's farm for forty-nine years. His father and grandfather before him worked all their lives on the same farm, and now his sons and grandsons are in Mr. Stacey's employment.

Some Agricultural "Howlers."

In connection with the recent show of the Royal Lancashire Agricultural Society a competition was organised among school-children for essays on farm animals. The following are a few gems recently published:

If we had no horses we should have to go back to the old ancient times.

Draught horses cost £3, but horses' dress is very expensive.

The cry of the horse is like a shivery sound.

We often see a cow going along our street, and this is because when a cow gets old the farmer thinks it would better be killed.

The cow's tail is for knocking flies off its back.

When a goat gets big it is called a deer.

The pig is called the poor man's friend. It is not a very pretty animal or a good-tempered animal, but many of us are neither pretty nor good-tempered.

The writer of the last answer, we should say, promises well.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Gossips Hinder Marriages.

One cause for so many people living in a state of single-blessedness is that in England parents do not encourage friendships among their children and other people as they ought to do. Here we have a foolish way of looking upon every young man who calls on a family where there are marriageable daughters as a probable suitor for one of them, and before he has had time to find one more attractive than the other the gossips are sure to have decided among themselves which he has chosen as his future wife.

In Canada and the United States they manage things much more sensibly. There girls and men are welcomed to the house simply as friends, and nothing further is expected. A man may visit a house full of pretty daughters for months together without the least fear of a stern parent asking his intentions. He is merely a friend, and welcomed as such whenever he likes to call.

He may escort any of the girls for a walk alone, or may take her to church and share the same hymn-book with her, without provoking comment. In England a young man cannot do this, yet it is only on these terms of easy friendship which young people can get to know each other, and whether they are likely to be real helpmeets in the battle of life.

Very often these Transatlantic friendships between young men and maidens lead to marriage, but it is quite on the cards that the family a man so often visits may not be the one from which he takes a wife. Then he still keeps his friends, who welcome his best-beloved for his sake and without any bitter feeling that, in the eyes of the world, at any rate, one of them has been slighted by him.

Our "tight little island" is the place in the whole world for me, but for all that I would that our young folks had the same chance of becoming friends before rushing into matrimony as have their American and Canadian cousins.

Here it is small wonder that so large a number of marriages prove unhappy, for, thanks to our foolish conventions and gossip, real knowledge of each other's characters is generally only possible to a young couple after the fatal knot has been tied which binds them together for life.

Photo, Gilman.

Mr. Harold Pearson, son and heir of Sir Weetman Pearson, Bart., just engaged to Miss Beryl Spencer Churchill.

How to Keep One's Friends.

Making friends come easily to girls who are bright and happy, and who are, therefore, amusing to other people; but the keeping of friends is a more difficult matter.

If you would keep a friend don't be too intimate with her. Remember that "over-familiarity breeds contempt," so exercise a judicious reserve with her, and permit her to do the same with you.

Photo, Thiele.

Miss Dorothy Frostick, engaged by Mr. Seymour Hicks to play a prominent part in his new play, "Sunshine."

Don't demand too much of her in the way of friendship; she may be your only friend, but it is not likely that she is equally badly equipped socially, and if you would retain her affections you must be content with what she has to give you. "Half a loaf is better than no bread" even in matters of friendship, and it is only politic to accept the half with gratitude, lest, in grasping after the whole, all be lost. Don't find fault with your friend's friend, with her dress, or with her taste in literature, art, or music. You cannot expect everyone to like the same persons or things, and by showing disapproval of her choice you advertise your want of courtesy, not your superior judgment.

Be as considerate of your friend's failings as you would be of a stranger's. She may forgive want of politeness on your part for old acquaintance' sake, but it will not make her like you any better, and a repetition of it may cause her to withdraw herself from you. To put the matter in a nutshell, preserve the courtesy of first acquaintance to keep friendship to the end.

For Fruit Salad

Boil half a pound of white sugar with a little water till you have a syrup. Peel some ripe fruit—apples, pears, bananas, etc.—and add to the syrup in a bowl. Add half an ounce of pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped, and half an ounce of desiccated cocoanut. When the salad is cold add two tablespoonfuls of liqueur or brandy, and serve.

Lemon Custard.

Required: Three eggs, one lemon rind, half a pint of water, a tablespoonful of sugar, Savoy biscuits.

Beat three eggs till very light, add to them half a pint of water and the grated rind of a lemon; stir all together, and then gradually add the juice of the lemon. Put the mixture into a clean salt jar, stand this in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir over the fire, using a wooden spoon, till the mixture is as thick as custard; strain into glasses, and serve with Savoy biscuits.

London Pudding.

Line the sides of a pie-dish with good puff paste and ornament the edges with pastry leaves. Spread a thick layer of apricot jam, then a layer of finger biscuits. Dissolve half an ounce of butter in a small stew-pan, stir half an ounce of flour into it. Add half a pint of milk and stir till it boils and is the thickness of rich cream. Let it cool a little, sweeten and flavour, and add the yolks of two eggs. Pour, while hot, on the Savoy biscuits and bake rather over half an hour in a steady oven. Pile a meringue made from whites of egg on the top and lightly brown in the oven.

Tripe Soup.

Scald and cut up half a pound of tripe into small dice, place in a saucepan with rather more than a quart of water, adding three onions, a carrot and two turnips, sweet herbs tied in a bay leaf, a few cloves and seasoning of pepper and salt. Set the pan on the fire and cook the contents slowly for one hour and a half. Remove the herbs from the soup, take the vegetables, and cut them up finely. Thicken the soup with flour, boil it for a few minutes, add the vegetables, and serve. After the soup is put into the tureen scatter over a little parsley.

Varnish

On the hand should be rubbed off with a rag dipped in methylated spirit. Soap and water will then finish the cleansing process.

To Imitate Frosted Glass.

Dissolve some Epsom salts in beer, and apply to the window with a brush. When the glass dries it will be found to be covered with little crystals; it may then be varnished. The solution of Epsom salts should, of course, be a strong one.

To Prevent Lamp Glasses Cracking

Put them into a large pan of cold water, packed round with hay or straw, bring slowly to the boil, and then stand at the side of the fire to cool. Remove the pan from the stove, but do not take out the glasses till all is cold. Dry very thoroughly before using. A few drops of water on a lamp chimney will crack it instantly.

Photo, Thomson.

Miss Beryl Churchill, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Spencer Churchill, who will shortly marry Mr. Harold Pearson.

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THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

FOREWORD.

This is a story of Graydon Garth, soldier, scholar, statesman, inventor, man of millions. The continent of Africa is assailed north and south by the hordes of Kanarphes, the Egyptian; Kanarphes, the mummy, people called him, but his dream is Africa under one ruler—himself. For years he has been arming and drilling the mighty warriors of Central Africa; five millions of these hardy men at his command are swooping through the country of Cape Town. Not a mere rabble, but five million trained soldiers armed with the death-dealing weapons of modern science. In the wonderful airship, the *Winged Terror*, Graydon Garth journeys to Linz on the Austrian border, where he is engaged in trying to kidnap Captain du Barry, the right-hand man of Kanarphes.

THE REGATTA AT LINZ.

Garth sat sullenly in the bows of the boat, his forehead wrinkled with thought. All the men were silent. The current ran swiftly for another mile, and then opened out into a wide, sluggish pool. Lights twinkled in the distance, sounds of music, laughter, and merry voices reached them faintly.

It was the third night of the regatta at Linz. The races were over, and now that the more serious business of the dav was past, all Vienna was merry-making.

House-boats, ablaze with lights, lined the banks; smaller boats, gaily decorated with bunting and lanterns, swarmed in hundreds, and flitted here and there like fireflies. The crowds on the towing-paths hurled confetti and flowers, and champagne flowed like water in the refreshment halls. All was mirth and laughter, and the musicians, who rowed from house-boat to house-boat, playing and singing, received hearty welcomes.

But among all the lavish floating palaces, the luxurious house-boat of Constantine, Grand Duke of Riga, took first place. He had entertained royalty that day. A wide silk awning covered its upper deck, and there, in the subdued glow of electric lamps, surrounded by pyramids of flowers, sat the lame archduke himself.

Near him, leaning back in a wicker chair, lounged the best-dressed and handsomest man in Europe, Captain Raoul du Barry, brother to Aurore.

As the illuminated boats moved past and whirled in and out in a dazzling mass of colour, many a richly-attired lady of Vienna flashed her bright eyes up at the young French officer. But they met no answering smile.

"Pest, Duke," he said, turning to the Russian, "this is the dullest time I have ever spent. I am getting bored. Listen to that donkey croaking out a song like a hoarse pig! How long must I bear this?"

"Take a glass of champagne, my friend."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I am tired of drinking," he answered; "tired of watching these idiots trying to enjoy things. What I want is work. Life is getting a burden. If a man wants to fight even a paltry duel, he has to run the risk of getting hanged or guillotined for five minutes' pleasure. Half the European capitals are too hot to hold me. I can only visit London and Vienna without fear of arrest, and I hate both places. Your health, Duke!"

He filled a glass with champagne, sipped it, and then, with an exclamation of disgust, flung it away. The Duke leaned on his crutch and laughed.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE SHIP THAT BLOCKED THE SUEZ The world's greatest waterway, the Suez Canal, connecting Europe and Asia, was closed recently in order that the submerged steamship 'Chatham," which was loaded with dynamite, could be blown up. The exploding of this tremendous quantity of dynamite meant suspending all traffic through the canal for several days, and the commercial loss entailed was enormous. The photograph shows the "Chatham" submerged.

"You must curb your impatience, Raoul," he said. "If you want fighting, you will have fighting enough in a short time. It is strange that news is so scarce. But what we have had is bad enough. This fiend of a Garth must have his finger in every pie. Let us hope he will burn himself badly this time."

Raoul du Barry shrugged his shoulders again.

"And your everlasting Graydon Garth bores me most of all," he said. "Who is he—what is he? You all cringe and tremble at his name like children when their nurse tells them a ghost story. My strongest desire, as I have told you, is to meet Graydon Garth face to face, and to measure my skill by his. No mortal man ever frightened me yet."

The Grand Duke of Riga gravely shook his head.

"Folly, madness, Raoul. You are supposed to be our greatest swordsman, but there are strange rumours about this man. I have a strong affection for you, so I pray that you may never meet him. If you do"—he shivered slightly—"it will be a black day for you."

"Bah!" snapped the Frenchman contemptuously; "sword to sword, I am——"

"Patience, and let me speak. It is folly to play with fire. You remember Klanz, king of the art of cutting and thrusting, and just (I speak plainly) such another hot-headed fool as yourself. Those who ought to know said that Klanz was the best swordsman ever born, and his marvellous skill made him a bully, for no one dared to face him. Well, Klanz died in the gardens of Monte Carlo. It was given out that he committed suicide. I saw it all. Trusting to his skill, he jostled a man in the gaming-hall, and looked impudently at a dark-eyed girl who was with him. The next moment Klanz lay on the ground bleeding at the mouth. Then——"

"And what on earth has a brawl in the Casino——"

"Patience, patience—hear me out, please," said the Russian. "It is quite simple now to put two and two together. The dark-eyed girl is the wife of Lord Leckburn, and Lord Leckburn is Graydon Garth's sworn slave. I did not know it then. The man went out, and, mad with rage, Klanz followed. As I told you, I saw it all.

"The man and the girl waited under the trees. A fellow, who looked like a big Nubian, stepped forward and stuck a couple of swords upright in the ground. In less than three seconds, Klanz, king of duelists, lay there dead—run through like a spitted fowl. The conqueror of Klanz was Graydon Garth. Avoid him, Raoul, as you would the plague."

There was a note of scorn in the Frenchman's laugh; but, before he could speak, a boat grated against the side, and, to the strumming of a guitar, a rich tenor voice struck up the martial song "For France," one of the most stirring melodies that a French soldier can hear. Du Barry rushed forward.

He had heard music enough that day, but none that appealed to him like this. The masked singer, a tall lean figure, stood on the bow of a large rowing boat. A hundred other boats pressed forward. The rich, sonorous tones fascinated every ear.

"It is Massini, the great tenor, in disguise," they whispered. "No one else can sing like that."

The song died away, and the Duke himself hobbled forward, clapping his hands. Amid a clamour of cheers and "bravos," the mysterious singer bowed right and left. Bunches of flowers, flung from dainty hands, almost filled the boat. He looked up at Du Barry, who was applauding loudly.

"This is something like a tune, Duke," the Frenchman cried, "and an emperor of singers! *Brava*, monsieur, and *brava* again. Give us the 'Marseillaise,' and I'll pay you royally. No, you must drink first. Wine and song are brothers. Come, my unknown minstrel, a glass of wine."

"With pleasure, monsieur," answered the man, bowing again.

"Up with you, then."

Laying his guitar aside, he sprang up the ladder like a cat.

"By St. Denis," cried Du Barry, "he deserves the best, Duke, and he shall have it. Champagne, Fritz, quickly."

A servant uncorked a bottle of wine and poured the frothing liquid into a glass.

"Ah, that is good, monsieur! You have my thanks. Now I will sing the 'Marseillaise.'"

The Duke shivered as the rich voice rang out triumphantly. His thoughts flew back to the house without windows amid the marshes of of the Thames. Aurore du Barry had been singing the "Marseillaise" when he had found her in the room of pictures.

A gasping cry roused him. The singer staggered and fell.

"By heavens!" cried Du Barry, for the man did not rise, "he has fainted. *Ma foi*, it made me think I was charging British guns at the head of my cavalry. He is too fine a fellow for those gaping fools to stare at. Give me a hand here, and let us take him below. How he can sing! St. Denis, how he can sing! Help me, Fritz."

Aided by the servant he carried the man down the carpeted stairway into the luxurious drawing-room of the boat. They laid him on a couch.

"Get some brandy, Fritz."

The door closed. With one tigerish spring the man was upon his feet. His terrible fingers shut down upon the Frenchman's throat, strangling his cry. For a second or two he held Du Barry, and then flung him headlong away. Then he tore off the mask and bowed.

The Frenchman scrambled to his knees and cowered before the flashing eyes of Graydon Garth.

"Monsieur," drawled the millionaire, "you have told several people that you have a strong desire to meet me face to face. You have your wish. I am Graydon Garth."

The Frenchman tried to speak. A revolver touched his forehead.

"I am going to make a little arrangement with you," went on Graydon Garth. "My boat is here, and there is quite a brilliant moon. Where could we find a more perfect spot for a most pleasant duel than in one of those most charming glades of the forest of Linz? If you kill me you will have the joy of knowing not only that you are an excellent swordsman, but also that there is every probability of your sister being queen of a whole continent."

The Frenchman stumbled to his feet, stunned, aghast. Garth's eyes, blazing into his, held him chained and helpless, with their weird power. Strains of music came from the crowded boats. The returning footsteps of the servant sounded distantly. Then a burly form leapt through the window that overlooked the bunk, and Graydon Garth shot the bolt of the door.

"There he is, Ned," he drawled. "Take him, as usual, gently, but firmly."

The next instant the servant's knock sounded on the panels. Masked faces appeared at the window.

"Aisy, aisy, darlint!" grinned Muldoon. "Don't be froightened of hurtin' the gintleman, lads. He's purty tough."

Alarmed, the servant knocked louder. There was no answer. He called and then tried the door. More frightened still, he rushed on deck. Constantine, Grand Duke of Riga, dreading he knew not what, came limping down.

"Get help and force the door," he said hoarsely.

Fritz, a massive German, hurled himself against it, bursting the hinges from the woodwork. The door fell crashing.

The room was empty.

The laughing crowd on the towing-path parted to make way for a closed carriage bearing the arms and crest of the Grand Duke of Riga. Many of them cheered it, for the Duke was a great favourite in Vienna.

At the moment it turned at full gallop over the Aslich Bridge the Grand Duke himself was lying back in a chair, shivering like a leaf. His haggard eyes were fixed on a cheap leather cigarette case, stamped with two worn initials:

"G. G."

"The demon!" he panted, with ashen lips; "the fiend! Can none escape him? Will it be my turn next?"

A man hurried into the room.

"A note, your grace, sent by special favour of Herr Kaufnel."

With trembling fingers he opened it. Kaufnel was head of the Austrian telegraphs. The music and laughter fell like a knell on his heart.

MY DEAR DUKE,—This furore in Africa is certainly not without foundation. I have just received startling news. Great hordes have crossed the Zambesi, hundreds of thousands strong. Every European interest in Africa seems to be equally threatened. It will mean a national alliance, I expect. All the nations who have possessions in Africa will send out troops. Questions are being asked in all Parliaments, and——

The Archduke crushed the paper up in his hand. He had plunged into the whirlpool, blindly, madly, persuaded by a woman's soft tongue. And now he knew what a moment's thought would have told him weeks ago—that to win a continent Kanarphes would have to fight the allied armies of Europe, the hardy warriors of Abyssinia, the tough troops of the Khedive, Zulus, Basutos, Arabs, Gols, Dervishes, and a hundred other fierce tribes of the desert.

He pulled a curtain aside, revealing a life-size photo of Kanarphes,

(Continued on Page 238.)

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

ENGLAND'S NEWEST COLONIAL WARSHIP: The "Natal," which was launched at Barrow by the Duchess of Devonshire. Our photograph shows the vessel as it took the water.

What Half-a-Crown Will Do

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and distinguished members of both Houses, the Church, the Bar, the Navy and Army, and eminent people in the world of Art, Science, and Letters, &c.

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The works represented in the "International Library" were not selected on the strength of one man's opinion, but chosen after careful thought by the most distinguished Literary experts of the age. The Board was composed of Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., for fifty years connected with the Great Library of the British Museum, an unrivalled judge of books and their readers; M. Leon Vallée, Librarian at the National Library of France (the largest collection of books in the world); Dr. Alois Brandl, Professor of Literature in the Imperial University of Berlin; and Donald G. Mitchell, the famous American littérateur.

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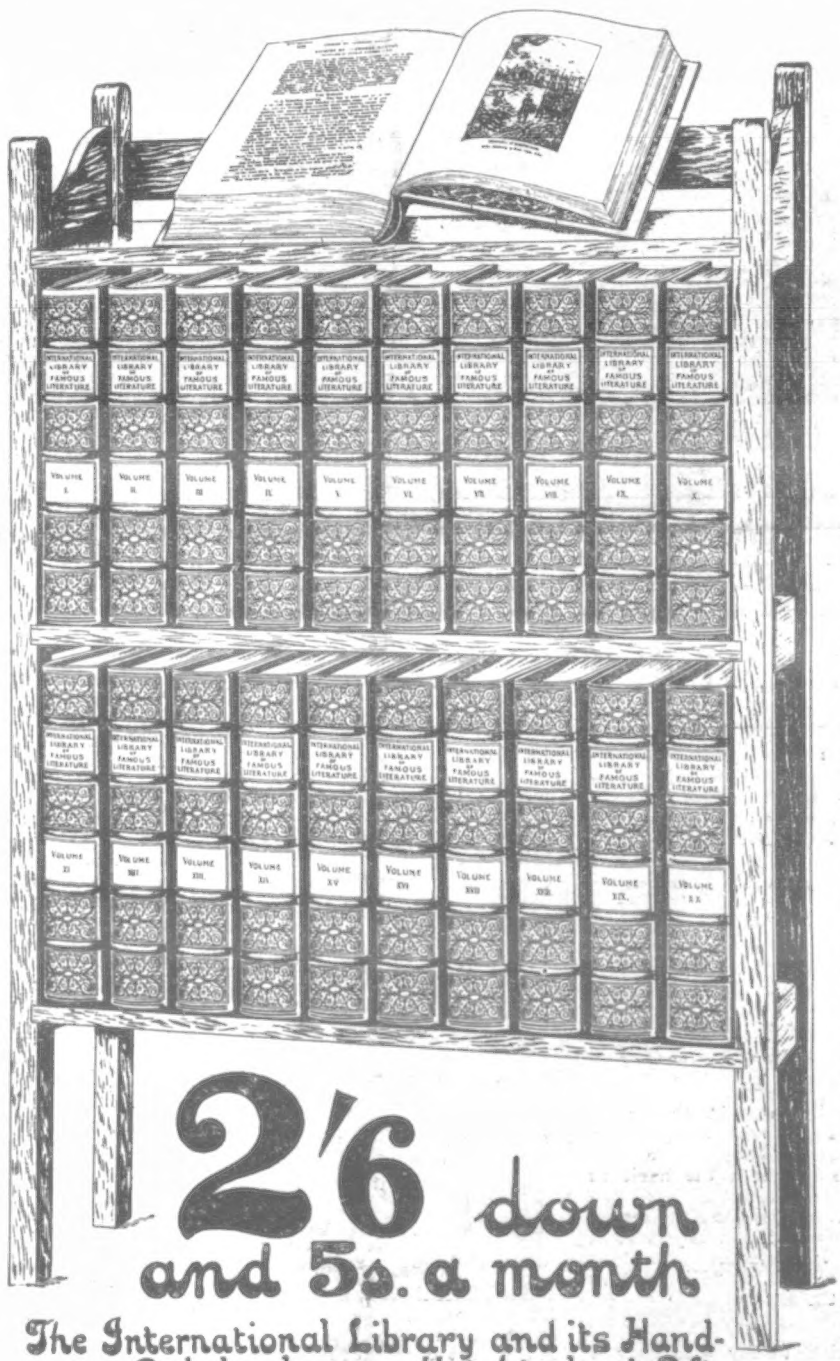

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The Scope of the Library

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A FREE BOOKLET containing specimen pages and illustrations, and telling more about the International Library and LLOYD'S extraordinary advertising offer, will be sent you post free, if you tear or cut off this corner, fill in your name and address, and post it to The "Manager, Lloyd's Weekly News," 226A Salisbury Square, London, E.C. If you prefer not to mutilate the page, a post-card or letter with your name and address, posted as above, will fetch the booklet POST FREE.

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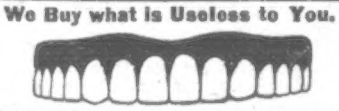

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Continued from Page 236.

the Egyptian. The tawny, monkeyish face, wrinkled like ancient parchment, looked down at him. He stared, fascinated. The deep eyes seemed to roll and glare. A hand touched his shoulder. He turned, with a frightened cry.

"Kanarphes!"

A MAN OF IRON, KANARPHES.

The Egyptian flung off his cloak with a strength that belied his little twisted body, lifted the heavy door and replaced it. Then he drew the curtains across the windows and looked with undisguised contempt at the Russian. His lank black hair fell low over the tawny forehead, his brown hands had short, ape-like fingers. Save for his eyes, bright, sparkling, and alert, and his white, even teeth, he might have been the mummy of some long-dead king suddenly galvanised into life. He did not seem to belong to this century. He was like a ghost of the far-away past.

"Well," he said, his lips curling disdainfully, "have you stared long enough?"

"You startled me, Kanarphes. I thought you were in Central Africa."

"I am where I am needed most. Fine servants I have, gallant friends to rely on. Fools like Raoul du Barry, trembling cowards like Constantine——"

"Kanarphes," cried the Russian, flushing to the temples, "mind what you say."

"Be silent, craven!" hissed Kanarphes. "Do not I find you quaking and trembling now like a caged rat at the sight of a dog? When I entered you gaped as if you had seen a ghost. Do not talk to me, or I will shrivel you where you stand. I do not love you, my lord of Riga. I am Kanarphes, the despised, the mummy. How you used to scorn me, to shrug your shoulders at the poor Egyptian madman. And now you are my slave, ready to lick the dust at my feet!"

The Duke's eyes blazed with fury at the insult. He flung the crutch above his head as if to brain Kanarphes. It came hissing down. The Egyptian parried the blow with his thin black cane. It might have been a rod of tempered steel, for the crutch snapped like a rotten twig. The Duke stood petrified, and Kanarphes snarled out his Ghoulish laugh.

"You miserable fool," he said gloatingly, "you are beginning to learn your lesson. I have you tight and fast, shackled and bound. You thought I was a fool, the sponge that you intended to squeeze dry. Now I will tell you the truth. You are the tools—you, my wife, Raoul du Barry. You all despise me. I was the dupe, you thought, but I am your master. Once you had gained what I alone can give, you imagined you would fling me aside." He looked into the Russian's face. "It is I who will fling you all aside then."

Constantine of Riga reeled into a chair. His jaw dropped, his snow-white hair was bristling. The lamb had to rend the very wolves. The ghoulish face, the wicked eyes aglow with malicious triumph, chilled his blood. He had despised Kanarphes, insulted him, laughed at him.

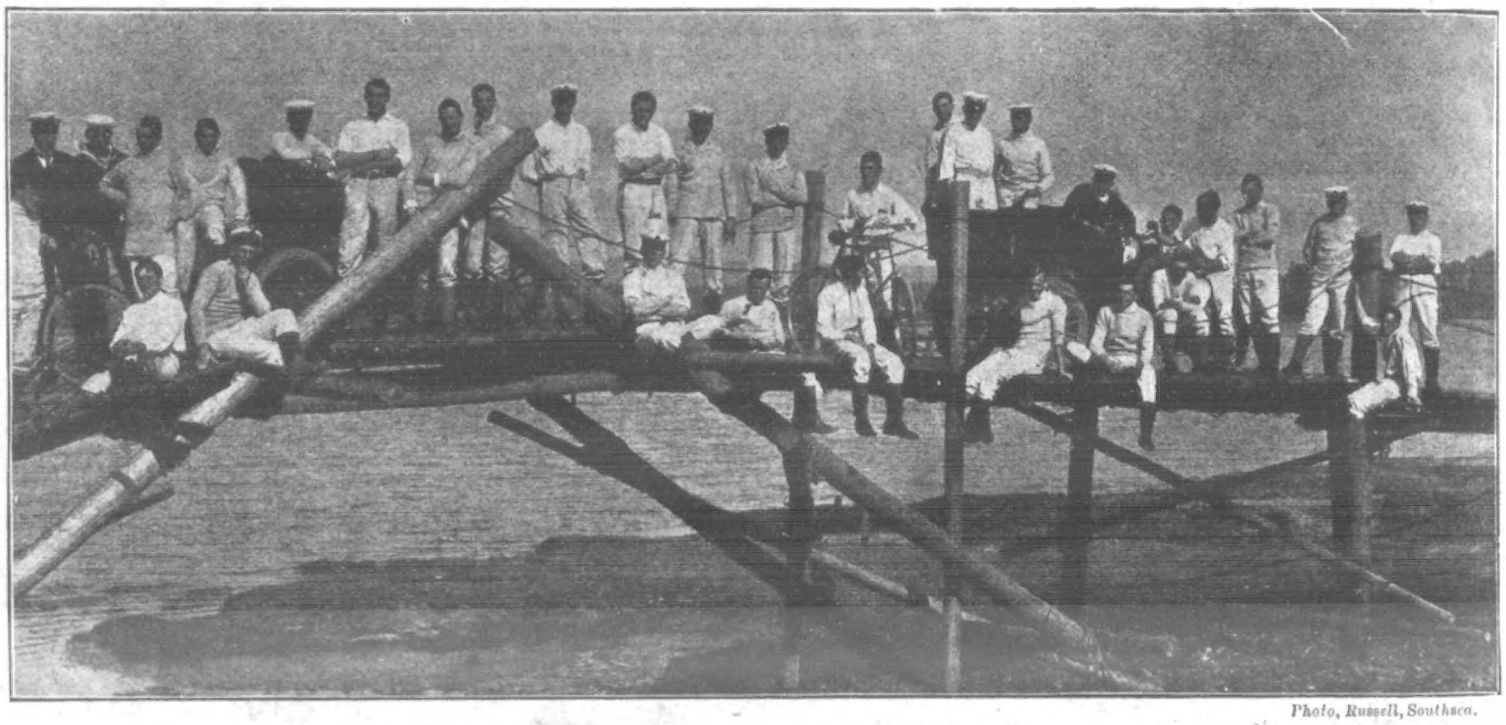
"What do you mean?" he gasped. "How have I wronged you? I do not understand."

"Then I will tell you, Duke. You have staked a large sum of money in this enterprise hoping to increase your stake a hundredfold. As they say, I was to get the kicks, and you the ha'pence. You and my wife fiddled; poor, helpless Kanarphes danced. My lord duke, you shall dance yourself to a merry tune. I know that Graydon Garth has kidnapped Raoul du Barry, for, without lifting a finger, I saw the carriage drive away. A good riddance, say I. Come with me. Though you cannot walk you can ride. Give me your arm."

"But where—where?"

"Come with me, fool! How dare you question me?"

(*To be continued*)



Photo, Russell, Southsea.

BRIDGE-BUILDING BY NAVAL OFFICERS: A double lock and trestle bridge thrown over a creek in Portsmouth Harbour by a class of lieutenants from H.M.S. "Excellent." After erecting the bridge a test of its strength was made by driving motor-cars across it.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I have just come across a delightfully quaint Scottish proverb. Possibly some of my readers may already have seen it. Many others, as I did, will find it new. For their benefit I print it here:

I had a	and a	as many of this land
I lent my	to my	when he did it demand
I sought my	from my	when he had kept it long
Penny	*Friend*	
I lost my	and my	and was not that a wrong
Had I a	and a	as I have had before
I'd keep my	and my	and play the fool no more

No more kissing. At the International Tuberculosis Congress in Paris, three thousand solemn professors have described the habit as "dangerous, detrimental, and unpleasant." Three thousand professors, and all unanimous! It really looks as if the kiss is doomed. We must accept the situation. "Kismet," as they say in the East.

On referring to my dictionary I find the kiss described quite nicely as "a salute given with the lips," but I prefer the definition of Herrick, who wrote more verses about kisses and kissing than any other poet I ever read. "Love's sweetest music" was what he called it.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is.
It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed.
1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

Probably the doctors are right. Kissing may be just as dangerous as they say it is. But no man ever left off kissing just because he thought that it was dangerous—it is generally just the other way. So I don't suppose the learned professors will get a very big following.

Besides, what will the ladies say? A girl who drags half a yard of woollen skirt through the microbe-laden mud of a city street, is not going to be put off kissing on the off-chance of finding it dangerous to her health. The kiss reform can wait. There are several things that want improving first.

New Korean Stamp: A new stamp has been issued in Tokio for use in the Protectorate of Korea. The stamp bears the chrysanthemum as the emblem of Japan, the plum-blossom as symbolical of the Land of the Morning Calm—Korea—and two pigeons representing the postal service.

Think, too, of the upheaval this thing is going to cause in the nursery if it ever becomes general. What is going to take the place of the good old-fashioned, maternal kiss? As another poet, not Herrick, has so eloquently said:

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell;
And kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

British people are very conservative. Therefore, in spite of the three thousand odd professors—there must have been an odd professor there, perhaps they were all odd—I cannot really believe that the kiss is doomed. If it were, something else would have to take its place. Could we rub noses, after the manner of the Maoris? Perish the thought. With all its dangers, the fashion of kissing has come to stay.

I have just glanced through a most interesting book—and it is an advertisement! It is the pamphlet, really a stout volume of some 120 pages, issued in connection with the "International Library," and which is sent free to people who care to apply for it. It is unique for the fact that it is at once an advertisement and a sample. Besides giving very full and interesting facts about the International Library—which is a most wonderful compilation—the booklet gives copious extracts from the library itself.

It contains the whole of a short story by Marion Crawford; some poems by Burns; a full account of "The Death of Nelson," by Robert Southey; extracts from "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen"; an essay "On Being Hard Up," by Jerome K. Jerome; and other interesting literary extracts. There are dozens of beautiful pictures, including copies of well-known paintings, and portraits of celebrities. The whole thing is magnificently printed. You can get it for nothing.

I cannot understand anyone reading through that pamphlet without having his appetite whetted for more. After all, as Lowell says: "A college training is an excellent thing, but, after all, the better part of every man's training is that which he gives himself. And it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and the means."

Here are some interesting notes on the proper way to read a book—the way to read it so that you will appreciate the whole of it, and so that it will do you good when you have finished it. The notes are not mine. They are taken, by permission, from a series of articles now running in *Smith's Weekly*. The advice is so helpful that I quote it here in case you may not have already seen it.

The writer says: "Every time you come across a new person or a new place, put a pencilled tick in the white space opposite the line. At the end of each chapter—each chapter, mind—find out who these people are. There is no use in their names being there if you don't know who they are. If you are at the theatre you turn to your programme the moment a new character appears on the stage. You wouldn't understand the play if you didn't. In this book, Washington Irving's "Life of Goldsmith," you will come across the names of Voltaire, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, and so on. But how much or how little do you actually know about them. You want to get more than a nodding acquaintance with each.

I am obliged to hold over the result of our finger-print competition for another week. I know this will prove disappointing to a large body of readers, but the number of entries have been so very great that it has been impossible to get them checked.

VALENTIA STEER.

The Maoris Kiss: Three thousand doctors in Paris have declared that kissing is dangerous. Shall we rub noses, as the Australian aborigines do?

Replies in Brief.

C. W. F.—You cannot compel a furniture remover to give the address to which he has conveyed a client's furniture.

G. R. D.—Your tortoise should not be kept in a box. Let it have a run in the garden, and have an opportunity to bury itself whenever it wants to. Yes, dandelion and lettuce leaves are good food for it. Tortoises often live to a great age.

T. D. M. (Edinburgh).—The inhabitants of India vary greatly in race, language, religion, and the degree of civilisation attained. The population, according to the last census, exceeds 294¼ millions, including that of the native states. Calcutta is the seat of the Government, except during the hot season, when it is removed to Simla, north of Delhi. Generally speaking, there are three seasons in the year—the hot season from March to June, the wet season from June to October, and the cool season from October to March.

Naval Reader.—The Navy of the United Kingdom is a perpetual establishment, and the statutes and orders by which it is governed have been permanently fixed with great precision by the Legislature. For the Army, the first vote sanctions the number of men to be maintained; the second, the charge for their pay and maintenance. For the Navy, no vote is taken for the number of men; the first vote is for the wages of the stated number of men and boys to be maintained, though the result may be the same; this distinction exists both in practice and principle.

A. J. F.—I have not received the goldfish you say you sent here. I have, however, ascertained that goldfish were first brought to England from China in the year 1691, but they were not common in this country until quite thirty years later.

Midship.—As you want to become a midshipman, it is necessary, in the first instance, to be nominated by some officer of the Fleet. If you do not know any such official, your nomination may be arranged by applying to the office of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W. The age limits are from thirteen and a half to fifteen years, and you would have to pass a medical examination.

Vera.—The old law as to Scotch irregular marriages has been modified of late years, and Gretna Green marriages are no longer recognised. Twenty-one days' residence since 1896 is required, but, otherwise, acknowledgment before witnesses is a legal marriage. In the year 1878 an Act entitled "An Act to Encourage Regular Marriages in Scotland" was passed, and under it the clergy may celebrate marriages on a certificate from a registrar, which is equivalent to the publication of banns. This certificate is issued by registrars on receiving notice of the intended marriage. The registrar posts the notice in the prescribed mode, and if no objection is received, grants his certificate. The notice must be given to the registrar of the district or districts in which the parties have resided for fifteen days at least. Very full information on the other subjects you refer to can be found in "The Etiquette of Engagement and Marriage," price 1s. 2d., post free from the publisher, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SAVING A SNAKE'S LIFE: It is a singular fact that the great snakes of the boa type seriously attempt to commit suicide as soon as they are compelled to live in captivity. They attempt this by slow starvation, and, as many of them cost considerable sums of money, the Zoological authorities naturally do not wish the monsters to have their own way. The snake is, therefore, compelled to take his food. It recently required no fewer than eleven men to force a twenty-seven foot python to eat his dinner at a well-known Zoological Gardens.

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9 GUINEAS.—American Organ, "Santley" Model (list price 20 guineas), 11 stops, including 2-knee stops, and the beautiful solo stops, vox celeste and vox humana, 2-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months. Twenty years' warranty. Easy terms arranged. On approval. Packing and carriage free both ways. Full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

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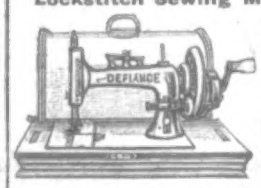

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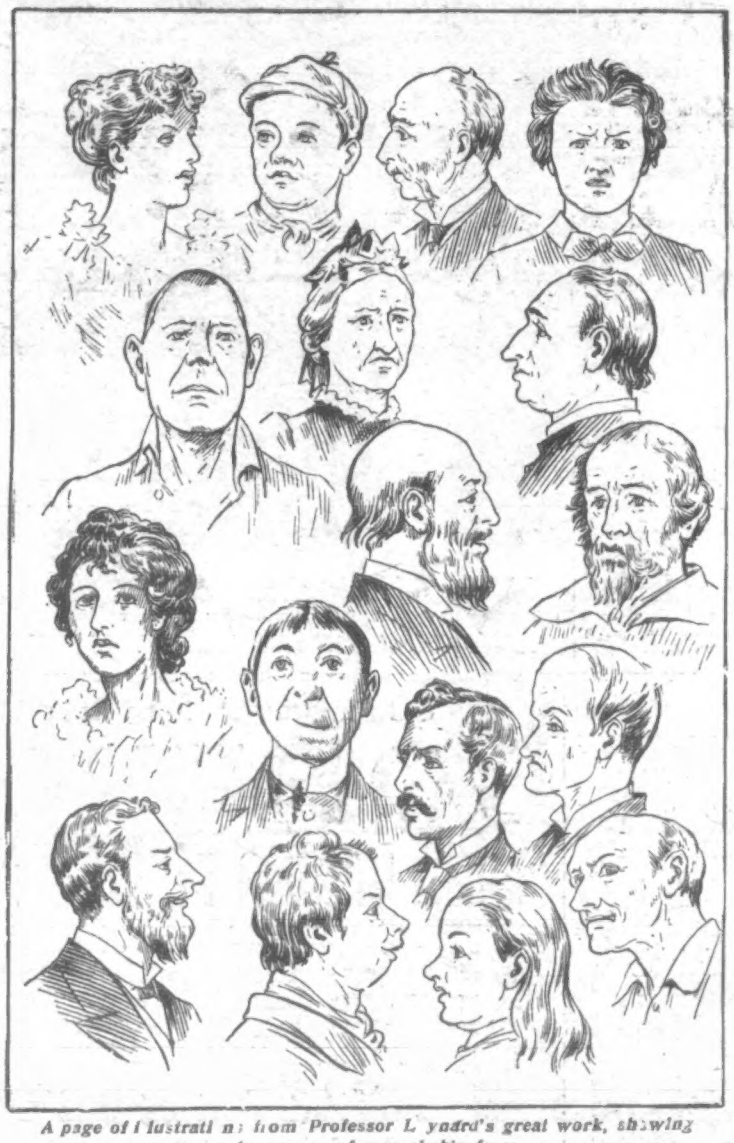

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